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Northern Messenger

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Samuel.

(The Rev. J. D. Burns 1856).

Hushed was the evening hymn,
The temple courts were dark;
The lamp was burning dim
Before the sacred ark;
When suddenly a voice divine
Rang through the silence of the shrine.

The old man, meek and mild,
The priest of Israel, slept;
His watch the temple child,
The little Levite, kept.
And what from Eli's sense was sealed,
The Lord to Hannah's son revealed.

Oh, give me Samuel's heart,
A lowly heart that waits
Where in Thy house Thou art,
Or watches at Thy gates;
By day and night a heart that still
Moves at the breathing of Thy will.

Oh! give me Samuel's ear,
The open ear, O Lord,
Alive and quick to hear
Each whisper of Thy word.
Like him to answer at Thy call,
And to obey thee first of all.

Oh! give me Samuel's mind,
A sweet, unmurmuring faith,
Obedient and resigned
To thee in life and death,
That I may read with childlike eyes
Truths that are hidden from the wise.

Fresh Air and Exercise.

Health is simply a matter of getting the best of dangerous germs. The healthy man is not one who is never attacked by disease germs, but one who habitually and successfully resists such attack. And the doctors now tell us that the best way to resist attack is to live in fresh air, day and night, breathing it in deeply and constantly, together with enough exercise every day to get into a perspiration, thus keeping our pores open and throwing off through them whatever we are better rid of. These simple rules are revolutionizing the physical life of many who used to cling to heavy clothing that clogged the pores, and hermetically sealed living-rooms, and wondered why they had so many 'colds. They know now that they were not nourishing and exercising the body, and were therefore easy prey for unfriendly germs. It is a striking fact that spiritual health must be had on precisely the same terms. We must breathe fresh air, and breathe it in deep, and breathe it all the time. And that is prayer. 'Pray without ceasing.' But this will amount to little unless we add exercise. We must work out our spiritual life,—give it an outlet in real activity of some sort, and in daily, systematic fashion, if we would keep the pores open and get rid of the sin-germs that are busy night and day seeking permanent lodgment in our souls. These simple rules also have revolutionized many, and have turned disease-burdened existence into the glowing, abounding life of health in Jesus Christ.—'Sunday School Times.'

SEE CONTEST ANNOUNCEMENT
(On pages 8 and 9.)

Just Escaped a Wreck.

It is almost needless to make application of the following illustration. How many lives get off the course because of a little unravelling somewhere! Keep the heart true in the smallest matters, for out of it are the issues of life.

The infinity of detail upon which the safety of an ocean steamship depends, as well as the infinite care, which, after all, explains the apparent immunity of one or two of the ocean lines from accident, may be illustrated by an anecdote told by one of the veteran captains now commanding a favorite ocean steamship.

He was coming down the English Channel in command of his ship, one of the finest specimens of modern marine architecture, when he observed that one of the lights was not where it should be, if his reckoning and his compass were correct.

Fortunately, it was a clear night. He knew that it was impossible that the lighthouse could have been moved within a week, and therefore, the fault was either with the course he had laid out or with the compass.

His ship carried one of Lord Kelvin's patent compasses, one of the most delicate of instruments, and presumably one the least liable to be out of order.

Tests were made which showed that the compass was wrong, and it was removed and another one put in its place which instantly gave correct bearings upon the lighthouse, showing that the captain's reckoning was all right.

The captain spent some hours trying to discover wherein that compass failed. Neither he nor any of his subordinate officers was able to detect any fault with it.

Then the captain, using a strong microscope, found that some of the silk threads which served as a support to the compass, each thread being almost of the fineness of the spinning of a spider, had become unravelled a little, thereby causing infinitesimal knots, and these, so delicate was the instrument, had served to disarrange the compass.

Had it been a foggy night that fine steamship would have been a wreck upon the coast of Wales.—'Union Gospel News.'

Taking the Minister Up.

Years ago there was trouble in a certain church over the young pastor. Many members insisted upon his leaving. His few ardent friends insisted with equal zeal upon his remaining. Much bad feeling had been generated. The case was critical.

Finally two prominent gentlemen called the congregation together and counselled them as follows: 'It is true our pastor is not a great man. He does not preach learned or eloquent sermons, but we all know that he is a good man, and that he is doing all in his power to

promote our spiritual interests. Let us all agree to bear with him, and, instead of talking him down, let us go out from this meeting resolved to talk him up.'

The advice was accepted. The result you can guess. He remained in that church nearly half a century, and a remarkable success attended his ministry to the close.

A good many people talk the minister down. They discount all his doings. They misunderstand his plainest sayings. They credit him with unworthy motives. They predestinate his failure. An angel from heaven could not succeed under such conditions.

That is unwise. It is unfair. And it is wicked. How much better to 'talk up' the minister!

The world will accept him at your estimate, and respect him according to the measure of your own respect.

Talk up the minister in your home. Help him to win and save the children.

Talk up the minister among the young people. Lift not a finger to break the spell of his uplifting influence.

Talk up the minister among your fellow members. Be his solid friend. Join his bodyguard. Suffer no tongue of malice to speak against him in your presence.

Talk up the minister in the social circle, on the street, in the cars, in the factory, store or office. Magnify his strong points. Minify his weak ones. Speak kindly of him, or speak not at all.

Do you know what such loyalty to the minister means? In nine cases out of every ten it means success.—'Christian Guardian.'

Religious News.

The progress in the West Africa mission is phenomenal. A letter just received at the Board rooms recounts that in the village schools near Elat, on January 10, more than 1,000 scholars were enrolled. Two of the boys from the station school are teaching the alphabet by means of a chart to 150 pupils, men, women, and children, who had just come from the bush. On the five Sabbaths of January, the average attendance at Sabbath-school was about 1,300. On the first Sabbath of February, there were 1,691 pupils at Sabbath-school, and 1,953 at church. The industrial department is busy trying to fill orders. This includes the tailoring and carpentering classes, and a class in rattan work. Tables, chairs and couches are made by boys who, two years ago, did not know how to handle a tool. In addition to their studies and other work, the boys at Elat school made 2,400 mats for the factories in the immediate neighborhood. Most of these were made by the light of the moon.

No less an authority than Jacob Riis declares:

We in New York let our city grow up as it could, not as it should, and we woke up to find ourselves in the grasp of the slum, to find the population of 2,000,000 souls living in an environment in which all the influences made for unrighteousness and for the corruption of youth. We counted thousands of dark rooms in our basements in which no plant could grow, but in which boys and girls were left to grow into men and women, to take over, by and by, the duties and responsibilities of citizenship. That was our sin and we paid dearly for it, paid in a tuberculosis mortality of 10,000 deaths a year, half of which were due directly to the dark and airless bedrooms; paid in an indifferent citizenship that was a dead weight upon all efforts for reform for years. You could not appeal to it, for it had lost hope, and we have paid for it in treasure without end. It is a costly thing to forget your neighbors.

Congregational missions in China are not wholly the work of foreigners. The Chinese Congregational Missionary Society is an organization started by the Chinese at San Francisco in 1884 for doing mission work in the fatherland, especially in the Kwangtung provinces, from which have come most of the Chinese now in the United States. While independent in its organization, this society keeps in close affiliation with the American Board, taking counsel from the American missionaries, and relying upon them for a certain supervision in both spiritual and financial administration. The Rev. C. A. Nelson, of Canton, as its field director and treasurer, gives the following particulars about it:

'It has one mission station, five out-stations, one pastor, four preachers, one Bible-woman, three schools for boys, two schools for girls, a membership of 409, with additions of forty last year, a property valued at $24,000 silver, a contribution made from the field of $150 silver, besides $600 silver contributed by the Chinese in the United States.' Mr. Nelson adds: 'The work of this society is most encouraging to us, as it shows that the Gospel has taken real hold, and that the Chinese Christians are beginning to walk.'—'Missionary Herald.'

Work in Labrador.

THE REINDEER AND OTHER PROJECTS.

SS. 'Strathcona,'

Off Labrador.

Dear Mr. Editor,—On our arrival at St. Anthony, it was a great source of regret to us all that the deer were too far on the hills for us to see them. Already they are a noble herd of over six hundred, and at this time of the year are splendid with their rapidly growing antlers. However, the good reports of their progress somewhat made up for it.

One of the boys who 'drove deer' last winter, told me that his deer 'galloped so fast that I couldn't keep up if I got off to run,' and that it was as 'good as a dozen dogs.' Though this was not the case with all the stags that were driven, yet all agreed that for burden purposes they 'can't be beat,' on the snows of our winter.

Their fecundity here is almost amazing, and even the stolid Lapp herders, when they found four of last year's fawns with fawns of their own this year, said that they had never known the like before. We are sending back one Lapp family this year, and engaging four apprentices for three years, all Labrador men. The agreement is that the herd shall feed, clothe, and house them, and give them $25, $50 and $100 pocket money, made each year respectively, and also five deer, four of which are to be does, the engagement to be renewable if desirable at the close.

We have lost from the herd our volunteer manager, Lieutenant W. G. Lindsay, who has given us two years' service of the most valuable kind. We have all learned to love him and his peculiarities, and there seems now a big gap left. We have, however, his promise to come back later if we really are in need of him. George Ford, Esq., formerly in charge of the Hudson Bay Company's post at Nachvak takes his place. As a Christian gentleman, and a good all-round sportsman, and as an ardent lover of every kind of animal from Homo Bimana downwards, and as a man with no better substitute. Mr. Ford has already had one year with the reindeer under Mr. Lindsay.

Our reindeer wander very considerably more this winter than the previous one. The Lapps say that it is because they have learned that there are no wolves in the country to fear. This has, however, made us short of men with the home herd, and our dairy experiments will be somewhat interfered with. A new development in this line is due to the fact that some of the reindeer milk sterilized and bottled last autumn was found to be perfectly fresh and palatable at St. Anthony Hospital six months later. Glass bottles, however, are expensive, are heavy, and have to be returned, so we have gladly welcomed a most generous gift of unlimited bottles from the 'Single Service Bottle Company,' of Chicago. The bottles are made of paper, are lined with waxed surfaces, and are used largely for milk and cream. They seal themselves airtight, with a packed wood stopper. The advantages are that they are ridiculously cheap, are of almost no weight, and can be destroyed instead of returned after once being used. If this log falls into the hands of anyone willing to help in this reindeer experiment I should be more than grateful, as we need badly some more equipage, we need a couple of good tents, a good portable house for herders' headquarters, and also some addition to the fund for maintaining the herders. Our experience is that the experiment promises already to be eventually successful, and if so it will be of the greatest possible benefit to Labrador. Indeed, it could be a basis for maintaining a really large population, and would provide Labrador with just that second line of defence which is so absolutely needed in years like this when the fishery on the outside fails. The fact is that unless some such industry grows up, or the pulping or minerals are developed, Labrador will be depopulated entirely, while it could maintain as valuable a population as Norway or Finland.

The great attraction to the clinic of this hospital has been due to the surgical work of Dr. John Mason Little, of Harvard, who has now been two years with us. An exponent of the wonderful possibilities of modern surgery, has at last made some impression on the fatalism of a people, who, like all fishermen, are conservative to the last degree. I have seen ordinary cases of children with club feet, condemned to perpetual crippledom by parents who love their children so well that they 'wouldn't have the Lord's work interfered with,' and who have lost lives and functions that a single incision would have saved. It is little wonder, therefore, that, when from one small village an epileptic woman has been cured by a portion of the skull being removed, another with an abdominal tumor restored to life after she had received the last unction, another been given back his sight after he had been for many years blind, another, hopelessly crippled, enabled to get up and walk, and so on, the talk should be all along the coast that wonderful things are done at St. Anthony.

The professor of surgery from Cornell University, with an assistant surgeon, is now at St. Anthony as a volunteer with Dr. Wakefield, during Dr. Little's absence on the 'Strathcona.'

Among other gratifying features of work here has been the growing interest in the industrial department. As we approached the harbor my host on the yacht said he very much wished to carry back to New York some specimens of Newfoundland homespuns. As our weaving department had been in the care of only a Labrador girl this winter I was much afraid he would not find any; so I was the more rejoiced to see him coming down the wharf later carrying no mean supply of it that he had purchased, and to hear also that the branch started under another local girl fifty miles to the south had been equally successful.

One more effort we were able to direct before we left in the night again for Labrador. We are about to build a school for the children. Over eighty children now live in the harbor; and the 'pigsty,' as we have learned to call the ancient shack, which they tried to gather in, has long since been outgrown. We have decided to build one of logs, and the people have hauled out quite a number already for that purpose. It will cost a little more than the conventional clapboard one, but the aesthetic aspect is worth considering; and if the place is made the most attractive of any known to the children, we shall expect it to afford them an incentive to that invaluable spirit of esprit de corps and loyalty to one another, which are no mean assets in the valuation of a college course, and which are sadly lacking emotions in most scattered communities.

WILFRED T. GRENFELL.

Acknowledgments.

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Previously acknowledged for all purposes	$ 523.14
Total on hand Sept. 15	$ 542.14

Address all subscriptions for Dr. Grenfell's work to 'Witness' Labrador Fund, John Dougall and Son, 'Witness' Office, Montreal, stating with the gift whether it is for launch, komatik, or cots.

LESSON,—SUNDAY, OCTOBER 10, 1909.

Paul a Prisoner—The Plot.

Acts xxiii., 11-24. Memory verse 11. Read Acts xxii., 30—xxiii., 33.

Golden Text.

I will say of the Lord, He is my refuge and my fortress: my God, in Him will I trust. Psa. xci., 2.

Home Readings.

Monday, October 4.—Acts xxii., 30—xxiii., 11.
Tuesday, October 5.—Acts xxiii., 12-22.
Wednesday, October 6.—Acts xxiii., 23-35.
Thursday, October 7.—Phil. iii., 1-14.
Friday, October 8.—Luke xxi., 10-19.
Saturday, October 9.—Psalm xxvii.
Sunday, October 10.—Psalm xci.

FOR THE JUNIOR CLASSES.

The last we heard of Paul last Sunday he was in the Roman prison in Jerusalem, and the Roman captain, Claudius Lysias, who had put him there, did not know why he ought to be in prison, so he thought the best thing he could do would be to find out what Paul really had done that deserved putting in prison. You know that nursery rhyme about 'Bad Johnny?'—

John's a bad boy. What's he done? I can't say;
Let's find out to-morrow and whip him to-day—

Well, that's just about the way everybody was treating Paul now. Claudius Lysias was sure he must have done something very bad, or all the Jews would not make such a row about him, so he commanded him to be beaten, but finding that he was a Roman citizen, he let him off the beating but still he put him in prison and had him chained up for the night. Next day he called all the Jewish leaders together and thought he would find out what Paul really had done. But he didn't get much of a chance, because Paul had hardly begun to speak when the Jews began quarrelling again, and they got so angry that Captain Lysias was afraid they would kill Paul between them, and sent the Roman soldiers to save him again. Paul's friend, who had travelled to Jerusalem with him, a Doctor Luke, was in the city at this time, and he tells us all about what happened in our lesson to-day.

FOR THE SENIORS.

The lesson calls for little explanation or elucidation. It is a fascinating bit of history told in a straightforward way by one who was doubtless an eye-witness and had a great admiration for the intrepid little apostle, Paul, who was not afraid to speak for himself nor too slow witted to take hold of an advantage that offered itself. Paul is on the defensive here more than on any other occasion that is recorded. He expects no justice from a court wholly swayed by prejudice. His first attempt to present his own point of view brought a response that assured him of that. A manly disgust at injustice flamed out for an instant to be checked at once by that Christian respect for law and rulers which all the apostles taught (Rom. xiii., 7; I. Pet. ii., 13-17; Jude 8-10), but he could not take back the truth he had spoken. There is no evidence that Paul was seeking a martyr's death. Willing to suffer for Christ's sake he was, and to die if need be, but he had a manly feeling that life was worth living, and there is a suspicion that he was a little distressed at the position in which he stood; a suggestion supported not only by his quick witted acceptance of the one way out that offered (verse 6), but also by the cheering vision which God vouchsafed his much tried servant. The assurance that this vision conveyed of God's guiding hand and protective care did not make Paul foolishly inclined to disregard the threats of the Jews in future; the plot of which his young nephew warned him he did not resignedly say 'we will leave in God's hands,' but took the means that lay ready to frustrate it without delay. The lesson closes with Paul back again in Caesarea two weeks after he had left it on his way to Jerusalem (Acts xxi., 8-15). The puzzled Lysias, anxious to avoid trouble and seeking to turn the occasion to his own advantage (verse 27) is a picture which Luke has convincingly introduced into his story. Bible references on the subject of God's care for his children are Rom. viii., 28; Phil. i., 12; Josh. i., 9; Psa. xxiii., 4; xci., 1-4.

(SELECTIONS FROM TARBELL'S 'GUIDE.')

The Jews who had made such oaths could, in case of failure, easily procure absolution from their rabbis. Lightfoot gives the following quotation from the Talmud: 'He that hath made a vow not to eat anything, woe to him if he eat, and woe to him if he eat not. If he eat, he sinneth against his vow; if he eat not, he sinneth against his life. What must a man do in his case? Let him go to the wise men, and they will loose his vow: according as it is written. The tongue of the wise is health.'—Paton J. Gloag.

15. 'The Bezan verse gives "We ask you to do this for us: when ye have summoned the council, signify." This makes clear that the Sanhedrim was first to meet on the morrow and then send a formal message to Lysias' (Rackham).

23. 'He called unto him two of the centurions.' There are many things which we would be glad to know at the moment when Paul leaves Jerusalem never to see it again. What were the thoughts of his great heart? Did he communicate with James and the elders? Did he have an opportunity to say farewell to his kinsfolk? Luke omits everything else to write minutely how the order and discipline of the Roman world rescued Paul and defeated the hate of Judaism. He tells the number of soldiers, the number of their commanders, he describes the journey and makes us see the whole event as distinctly as if he had been there. We can almost hear the rattling of the soldiers' sabers, and the clang of the horses' hoofs as they start down the road to Antipatris. If Luke lingers thus over the story and fills it with details, he must intend to show how God's invisible hand could use the world power, which He had ordained, to serve Him in protecting His servant from apostate Judaism.—J. M. Stifler, in 'Introduction to the Acts.'

'Pull your own Oar.' Christ never promises smooth water to His followers. Nor is His Church a vast assemblage of towboats, pulled along by sheer power of the divine will. Each Christian has his own oar of personal responsibility to pull, and his own rudder of conscience to steer with, and must 'work his passage' as a free agent.—Theodore L. Cuyler, in the 'Presbyterian.'

There's but one way in which man can ever help God—that is by letting God help him.—Ruskin.

Trust in God, and keep your powder dry.—Cromwell.

That prayer is insincere which is not followed up by hearty efforts to secure the thing sought.—Marcus Dods.

(FROM PELOUBET'S 'NOTES.')

For the Fifth Time the Sanhedrim, the supreme court of the Jews, has to adjudicate upon the claims of the new Kingdom of God. After Jesus Himself, Sts. Peter and Paul, the Twelve, and St. Stephen, St. Paul now stands before them. . . . Peter and the Twelve appeared to the Sanhedrim as men 'unlearned,' men of the people, and they addressed their judges as Rulers and Elders. Stephen, on a higher level, spoke to them as Brethren and Fathers. Paul, as their equal in birth and learning, calls them Brethren. He had occupied a seat either upon the bench, or among 'the disciples of the learned.'—Rackham.

The high priest Ananias presiding over the council, was, according to Josephus a lawless tyrant of violent and unscrupulous conduct, by means of which he had acquired enormous wealth. 'We are told that he reduced the inferior priests almost to starvation by defrauding them of their tithes, and sent his creatures to the threshing floors with bludgeons to seize the tithes by force.'

Verse 3.—Within two years this Ananias was deposed, and four years later he met a terrible death at the beginning of the Jewish wars. In a sedition raised by his son and a band of Sicarii (assassins) he hid in a sewer of the palace, and was drawn out and slain. All this was the fruit of the character which led him to his act of insulting injustice against St. Paul.

Verse 15.—The plan was to ask Lysias to bring Paul down from the barracks in the castle to the Sanhedrim hall, under pretense of examining him further. A small guard would seem sufficient. They would excite a tumult, murder Paul, and represent the murder as a mere accidental incident. At this time 'as we learn from Josephus, the Sicarii abounded, and murders were of daily occurrence. So numerous were these zealots that a few years after this an army of them took possession of Jerusalem and held it for several days, murdering the principal men and committing great atrocities.'—Gloag.

Junior C. E. Topic.

Sunday, October 10.—Topic—Not idlers, but workers. II. Thess. iii., 7-13.

C. E. Topic.

Monday, October 4.—Praying for the pastor. Rom. xv., 30-32.

Tuesday, October 5.—Willing helpers. Acts vi., 1-7; I. Cor. xii., 28.

Wednesday, October 6.—Standing by in danger. II. Tim. iv., 6-12.

Thursday, October 7.—By generous support. I. Cor. ix., 1-14.

Friday, October 8—By following wisely. Heb. xiii., 7, 17, 18.

Saturday, October 9.—By regular attendance. Heb. x., 19-25.

Sunday, October 10.—Topic—How can we help our pastor? Ex. xvii., 8-13.

A Soul Saving School.

A brochure by two eminent workers amongst the young, Amos R. Wells and A. F. Schauffler, D. D., bearing the above title has this supposititious dream by a Sunday-school teacher in its opening chapter. He (the teacher) saw the Lord Jesus standing with His arms stretched out, and in His eyes was an eager look. 'Where are the souls of My children?' He asked the teacher. 'Here are their bodies,' the teacher was able to reply. 'They come to school very regularly and promptly.' Jesus took the bodies and they turned to dust in His hands.

'Where are the souls of My children?' Christ insisted.

'Here are their manners,' faltered the teacher. 'They are quiet and very respectful; they listen carefully. Indeed, they are beautifully behaved.'

Jesus took their manners, and they turned to ashes in His hands.

Our Lord repeated the question, 'Where are the souls of My children?'

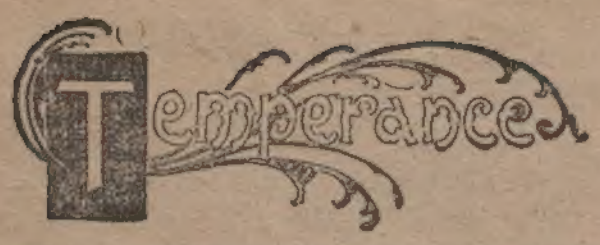
'I can give you their brains,' the teacher answered. 'They can name all the books of the Bible forward and backward. They can repeat the list of the Hebrew kings. They know in order the seventy events of Your life on earth. They can recite the Sermon on the Mount from beginning to end. Really, they are excellent scholars.'

Jesus took their brains, and lo! they dissolved to vapor, and a puff of wind blew them away.

'Where are the souls of My children?' urged our Lord, with sorrowful longing.

Then the teacher was filled with agony that broke the bands of sleep. 'Alas!' he cried, 'I have done much for my children, but it is all nothing because I have not also done the one thing. Henceforth my teaching, though it traverse in many ways, shall have One goal, and perhaps it may be given me to dream that dream again.'

The vivacious writer has no doubt depicted an ideal result in the class as far as it went, but the perfection of details secured has served to bring into relief the defect in much Sunday-school work. Decision Day should set the time and tune for the work of the year. Let us aim high, and begin at once to do it.—'Sunday School Teacher.'



Banish the Habit.

When Dr. Osler some years ago facetiously proposed the extinction of aged men, he made a bad break, but when recently he proposed the extinction of alcohol and tobacco, he went far toward redeeming himself. He said:

'If all the beer and spirits could be dumped into the sea for a year, the people would be infinitely better off; and if all the tobacco was also dumped into the sea it would be good for the people, though hard on the fish.'

Inasmuch as fish are supposed to have sense enough to swim away from a destructive element, it might be well to try this dumping process. Even if the fish were all killed, humanity would be less hurt by abstinence from fish than by the consumption of alcohol and tobacco.

When recently Sir Thomas Lipton was offered a cigarette he said, 'No, thank you. I am, with one possible exception, the biggest smoker in the world, but I never smoke cigars or cigarettes.' 'And what do you smoke?' he was asked. 'Bacon,' he answered with a grin.

Smoking bacon is all right; nothing unmanly about that; but how inane and senseless is the smoking of cigarettes! There are boys with brains weak enough to yield to the habit; but that men should do so is almost enough to prove the ape theory of man's descent.—'Christian Intelligencer.'

The Irishmans's Boot.

At a temperance meeting, where several related their experiences, a humorous Irishman was acknowledged to be the chief speaker. He had on a pair of fine new boots. Said he:—

A week after I signed the pledge, I met an old friend, and 'Bedad,' says he, 'them's a foine pair of boots you have on.'

'They are,' says I, 'and by the same token 'twas the canteen-sergeant gave 'em to me.'

'He did?' says he; 'an' that was gin'rous av him.'

'It was,' says I, 'but he couldn't help it. Ye see I med' a bargain with him. "You kape your dhrink," says I, "an' I'll kape me money. Well, my money got these boots an' as I got the best of the bargain, I'm going to stick to it."'

Those Who Drank are Dead.

The result of observation by the Hon. Chauncey M. Depew, president of the New York Central Railroad Co., in a talk to railroad men:

'Twenty-five years ago, I knew every man, woman and child in Peekskill, and it has been a study with me to mark boys who started in every grade of life with myself, to see what had become of them.

'I was up last Fall and began to count them over, and it was an instructive exhibit.

'Some of them became clerks, merchants, manufacturers, lawyers, and doctors. It is remarkable that every one of those that drank is dead, not one living of my age. Barring a few, who were taken off by sickness, everyone that proved a wreck or wrecked his family, did it from rum and no other cause.

'Of those who are church-going people, who are steady, industrious, and hard-working men, who were frugal and thrifty, every single one of them, without an exception, owns the house in which he lives, and has something laid by, the interest on which, with his house would carry him through many a rainy day.'

When a man becomes debased with gambling or drink, he doesn't care and all his finer feelings are crowded out.—'Normal Instructor.'

The Right (?) To Take Wine.

You say you have a 'personal' right to take wine. Suppose I concede that. I ask, will you use your 'right' selfishly, perniciously, to draw damnation down on your neighbors' heads; or, for your own sake, and your fellowmen's sake will you not abstain?

Will you see to it, that by what you do, and by what you do not do, whether it be eating or drinking, you glorify God, and benefit your fellow-men?

When I look out upon the throngs and throngs of young men who come down to this great city (New York); when I see every form of pleasure and business urging men to indulgence in the accursed cup; when I see hundreds and thousands perish every year; when it is an open secret, known and read of all men, that all causes of mistake, stumbling, and sickness and vice, and utter destruction for time and eternity 'put together,' are not equal to the danger that comes from the intoxicating cup, can I, can any Christian man, say it is a matter of my own private convenience what I eat or drink?

I vindicate your 'personal' right, but I lay God's judgment upon you.—Henry Ward Beecher.

A Temperance Story.

(The Rev. James Learmount, in the 'British Congregationalist.')

I want to-day to tell you an American story that I have just read. It is told by Mr. Morrill. His attention was one day called to a little, pale, thin bootblack who had a bunch of bluebells in his buttonhole. The gentleman let the boy black his boots, then balancing a quarter on his finger he said, 'Here is ten cents for the "shine" and fifteen cents for the flowers,' pointing to the boy's bluebells. The lad nervously put his hand over the flowers and said, 'No, sir; I can't sell them; if I was starving I wouldn't sell a bluebell!' 'And why not, little man?' The lad looked at the man so piteously that he was sorry he had asked the question. He put his han- on the boy's head and said: 'Excuse me for asking; you need not tell me unless you wish, and you can keep the quarter besides.' The boy, with earnest face, looked at the man anu said, 'You have been very kind, sir, I'll tell you. Just a year ago this month, and it has been such a long year, I thought the bluebells would never come,' and then he stopped and put his hands over his eyes as if to shut out some horrid sight. Presently he took down his hand, and said abruptly, 'My father was a drunkard. We once owned some fine property, I've heard mother say, but that was before I was born. We got so poor mother had to go out and wash to get food for Bess and me. We lived in a little log-house, a quarter of a mile from town. One Friday morning there was only a plate of cornmeal and about two spoonfuls of molasses. Mother baked the meal into bread, and told me to feed little Bessie when she awoke, and to keep a sharp look-out for father, while she was away washing that day. She kissed baby Bess as she lay asleep, and then kissed me at the door. "Be a good boy, Willie, and take care of little sister," she said. Bessie slept a long time, and I passed the time in sitting by her and going to the door to watch for father. When Bessie got up she said, "Baby is so hungry, Willie, get something to eat." "Get up, Bessie, and let me dress you and then we will have some breakfast." I had not eaten a mouthful, nor had mother before leaving home, and I was very hungry. She got up, and I dressed her and got her ready, and when we sat down to the table Bessie just dropped her curly head right down on the table and sobbed out, "Oh, Willie, I am so tired of cornbread and molasses; I can't eat it; I want some meat and butter." "Don't cry, baby," I said stroking her curls, "mother will bring home something to-night." "But it is so long to wait," sobbed little Bessie. "Try to eat," I said, and I put a spoonful of molasses on her plate, and she did try, but she only swallowed a little and then left the table. I ate a small piece of dry bread; I thought perhaps she would eat the molasses, so I did not touch it. All day long she kept saying she was hungry, but she refused to eat. Oh, what a long day it was! Father came home and it was nearly dark; we were both sitting on the doorstep. Bessie laid her head against my arm, and began to cry, "I'm so hungry, Willie, mother stays so late to-night." "Don't cry, baby, mother will soon be home." "Of course she will!" exclaimed a boy named George Anderson; he lived a mile beyond us, and as he spoke he tossed a bunch of bluebells into Bessie's lap. "Oh, how pretty!" she cried, while the tears dropped from her sweet blue eyes on the pretty bluebells. "Come, Bessie," I said, "let me fasten them among your curls." She stood upon the doorstep with her face towards the house. I tied the bluebells among her golden curls. I had just finished, when someone jerked me off the step. It was father, he was crazy with drink. He caught Bessie and said, "You have been crying; what did Willie do to you?" She was so white and scared that I thought she would faint. "Willie didn't do anything," she gasped out. Father let her go and catching hold of me shook me terribly. "You rascal, what did you do to Bessie? Tell me, or I will shake the life out of you." I had not breath to answer. Then Bessie caught him by the arm, "Please, father, don't hurt Willie; I was so hungry it made me cry." He looked at the table and saw the bread and molasses. "You little white-faced liar, you are not hungry; look at that table, there is plenty to eat, and good enough for such a brat as you," and he shook her roughly. She cried, and I tried to defend her, but father pushed me away violently. "If you can't eat anything I will give you something to drink," and he caught her up in his arms and started down the path that led to the pond. Bessie ceased crying, but looked awful scared. "I'll give you something to drink," he said when he reached the water, and walked into the pond. I followed, scarcely knowing what I was doing, I was so frightened. He waded in knee deep, then took Bessie, and forced her little curly head under the water. Just as her head was being put down she cried out, "Oh, Willie, take baby!" I tried my best, but father held her down. I begged him to take her out, but he took no notice. There was a gurgling sound and all was still. It seemed hours to me, but father at last lifted up the little white, dripping face. I called her wildly, but her blue lips never moved; she was dead. Father carried her out and laid her down on the grass. "I guess she won't be hungry for awhile," he said. I was stunned and could neither move nor speak, until I saw the bluebells that I had twined in Bessie's hair floating out on the water. I could not bear to lose them, so I waded after them. The water reached to my chin ere I just managed to reach them; then I heard mother call, "Willie! oh, Willie! where are you?" Father still sat by Bessie. "Willie! oh, Willie!" came mother's voice again. I was out of the water now, but so weak I could scarcely stand. "Bessie! oh, Bessie!" cried mother. I called, "Here, mother, at the pond." Father gave one mad leap into the water; he plunged in face down. I was so terrified I didn't know what to do. I heard mother coming, but could not walk, so I crawled up to Bessie, and covered little sister's dead face to keep mother from seeing it. She soon came. She saw me dripping with water. "Willie, Willie, what is the matter?" I could not speak. She lifted the hat from Bessie's face. She seemed turned to stone by the sight. "Tell me how it happened, Willie, tell me quick!" Then I found voice and told her everything. She heard me through quietly, but then her awful shrieks soon brought the neighbors. Father had drowned himself; and by and by Bessie and he were buried side by side. Mother was a raving maniac. I put the bluebells in a little box, and hung them around my neck, but after the funeral I lay sick for weeks in the hospital with brain fever, but when I got better the box was still there; here it is,' and he drew from his bosom a box containing a few withered leaves. 'They speak of sweet little baby Bessie,' he said, as he hid the box again. Then he looked the man straight in the face, and said, 'Please, mister, don't ever vote for whiskey. It killed my father, and dear little baby Bessie, and it locked mother up in a mad-house. Please don't vote for rum.' The man drew the boy to his breast and kissed him, saying, 'God helping me I will never vote for license or whiskey men again.'

It's a terrible story I've been telling you, young folk, but if you read the newspaper you will see as terrible stories of the work of drink in our own loved land all the year round. Make up your minds never to touch, taste, or handle the accursed thing. Grow up to help us to rid our land of the terrible curse it brings, and you will earn the 'Well done' of God.

BOYS AND GIRLS

A Boy's Visit to Washington Irving.

(Bishop Mallalieu, in the 'Presbyterian Banner.')

In 1857 I was a senior in Wesleyan University, Middletown, Conn. We had two weeks' vacation the last week of April and the first of May. From my earliest boyhood I had been greatly interested in the history of the Revolutionary War. This was partly because I loved to read histories, and partly because my great-grandfather, who was a member of the Fifth Connecticut Regiment, died in the service, after passing through the dreary winter at Valley Forge. Having other relatives who had campaigned in the Hudson River country, and had fought at White Plains and other places in that section, I concluded to spend my spring vacation in exploring the regions on both sides of the Hudson, from the Battery in New York City to the Catskill Mountain House.

This trip, of course, took me through Tarrytown, which has been for these many years, as it was then, famous as the residence of Washington Irving, a man whose writings have been to millions a source of culture and pure literary enjoyment, and are well worth the reading by all persons of good literary taste.

There are many points of great interest in and about Tarrytown connected with the Revolutionary War, and especially connected with Irving's writings. The old bridge, as famous as the Brig o' Doon; the old stone church, and the contiguous graveyard; the quiet but sequestered valley, known as Sleepy Hollow—all of them made interesting as related to Irving's famous character, Ichabod Crane. But more than I wanted to see these localities, made interesting by Irving's imagination, was the desire to see Irving himself. So, without any note of introduction, I proposed to myself to make him an informal call.

Irving lived about two miles south of the village. Tarrytown was only a village, so many years ago. About 9 o'clock I set out on my undertaking. The trees, apples especially, were in full bloom. All the foliage was fresh and luxuriant. The birds were singing. The sun was shining. In fact, all nature was in a joyful mood. The walk was a perfect delight and never to be forgotten.

As I turned off the main street an open barouche passed me, containing an elderly gentleman and the driver. I supposed the gentleman to be a well-to-do person, something past seventy years of age, who had been out for a morning drive, for he did not look like a person who was in active business. In a very few minutes I reached the house I was seeking. It was a lovely two-story stone cottage with several gables, and quite ornate in its style of architecture. A broad stone doorstep, scarcely elevated above the surrounding lawn, was in front of the main entrance. The door sill was not more than six or eight inches above the stone doorstep, so that when I approached the door, which was swung partly open, I saw the identical gentleman crossing the hall from the room to the left and going towards a room, directly opposite, to the right. Before seeing him I was about to ring the door bell. I hesitated a little, and the gentleman, observing me, stopped, and came toward the door. I simply said, without waiting for him to inquire as to my business:

'Have I the honor of addressing Washington Irving?'

He replied, 'Yes.'

I immediately said, 'Mr. Irving, I am a student in my senior year in Wesleyan University, Middletown, Conn. As far distant as that is, we have often heard of you, and have read many of your writings. I was visiting points of interest along the Hudson, and I could not deny myself the pleasure of calling on you.'

I commenced to tell him that I had no note of introduction, when he interrupted me by swinging the door far back, and in the most cheery tone, said: 'You have no need of an introduction; you have attended to that yourself. Come in, come in,' he repeated in the most pleasant way. Accepting the invitation, he led me to his library.

There was little furniture in the room, but the walls were nearly covered with books. A few pictures were hung in vacant places, and I noticed a most excellent portrait of Walter Scott. The windows opened to the south. Irving took his seat back of his desk, with his face toward the windows, while I sat ten feet away from him with my back to the windows. This arrangement gave me the best possible opportunity of seeing his face during the whole interview. He was not a large man, perhaps five feet and eight inches high, might weigh 170, was rotund, with small hands and feet, a smoothly shaven face, kindly eyes, a florid complexion, a well-proportioned nose, a generous mouth, and plenty of gray hair. Would I had his photograph as I saw him that morning!

At first he asked questions about myself and my birthplace. He talked about the university and the professors. Then he told me several interesting stories about Yankees and Yankee schoolmasters; about the Yankee custom of putting up guide-posts at all country cross-roads. Finally, he drifted away into a most interesting talk about the scenes in the immediate neighborhood that he had idealized in his various local writings. For more than an hour and a half one of the most interesting of all talkers was listened to by one of the most interested listeners this world ever saw brought together. If I had been the son of Irving's best friend he could not have treated me with more cordial politeness, nor entertained me more profitably or delightfully.

For all these years this hour and a half spent with Irving has been counted on as one of the most enjoyable seasons of all my life. It is a wonderful inspiration for a young man to come in touch, though only for a little while, with such a man as Irving. It expands the heavens above him, and broadens his horizon in all directions. The next best thing to it is to read the writings of Irving and such other men and women as have enriched our literary resources.

When I was about to leave, Irving came out of the house, and showed me a shorter way back than the one I had come—a sort of cross-lots walk, which was a favorite of his. And so, with good wishes and kindly farewells that, falling from his lips, were a real benediction, we parted. It was my first and last meeting with the famous American, as he passed from earth a little more than two years afterwards.

Tim Hammond's Promotion.

(The 'Boys' Sword.')

The 'Sunset Special' was five minutes overdue.

'Any word yet?' asked a tall, dignified-looking individual, impatiently pacing up and down the narrow platform at Rangeley.

'Yes, sir; two hours, ten minutes late, blocked by a freight wreck at Cedar River, eleven miles this side of Shirley.' And James Ellis, station agent at Rangeley, hurried back to his instrument, for his practiced ear had caught his 'call.'

'Interesting condition of things!' exclaimed the president of the Great Overland Eastern, irritably. 'That means a run to Hamilton in an ordinary coach!' And Alexander D. C. Van Pelt, head official of the great trunk line, started ill-humoredly towards the train on the siding, that had been waiting to attach the 'Elmore,' the president's private car, on its arrival, with the 'Sunset Special.'

'Carelessness; probably nothing else in the world! It's the cause of half the railway accidents, were the truth but known—a result of incompetent men.'

The president's attention was at that moment attracted to Tim Hammond, who had just set the switch for a long through freight.

'Too young for a position like that; can't be over fifteen! I fail to see what anyone could be thinking of, appointing a mere boy to such a responsible place;' and the man made a hurried entry in his memorandum. 'Another cause of accidents—inexperience;' and the determined expression on the official's face was sufficient proof that before the end of another week, Tim Hammond would be without a job—his position would be filled by another.

'All aboard!'

It was impossible to hold the train longer, however much the president of the line was to be inconvenienced. It must reach Hamilton on schedule time or the passengers aboard would miss connections for points East—and already eleven minutes were lost.

Slowly the heavy train pulled on to the main track, and, after the last car had rolled by, Tim Hammond went whistling back to the station.

'He wasn't feeling what you might call pleased over that freight accident.' James Ellis stood in the office door as Tim came up the platform.

'He—who?' Tim stopped whistling.

'Why didn't you see? The tall fellow in the black coat—he with the gray beard?'

'I saw him; remember his looking at me, but I didn't know who he was. Anyone special?'

'Only Alexander D. C. Van Pelt, president of the road,' imparted the station agent, dryly.

'Whew! Ought to have taken another look at him. I don't see, though, why the wreck at Cedar River need bother him very much. Number Nine wasn't delayed only about ten minutes.'

'He was expecting his private car to attach to the special, and Number Nine was going to take it on to Hamilton from here. But then,' continued Ellis, 'it isn't really so annoying for him as it is for the passengers who were delayed by the accident. 'Twon't do a railway president, to my way of thinking, any great amount of harm to ride as ordinary folks do, once in his life. But he didn't take it with any too much good humor.'

A click! click, and the station agent went back to his post.

As the president of the road had intimated, Tim Hammond was young; he hadn't reached his sixteenth birthday. While his father was laid off with a crushed hand, caused when coupling cars, Tim had substituted for him; and, after Howard Hammond's death, due to blood poison resulting from the wound, his son had received the permanent appointment.

'It's due him,' wrote the agent to headquarters. 'He's strong, quick and reliable; you will make no mistake in giving him the place.'

And now, for nearly a year, Tim had supported the family, doing his father's work acceptably, young as he was.

'He's one of the best hands I ever worked with,' more than once mentally commented Ellis; 'and such a youngster, too; but he's got it in him. I predict he won't always be second hand at a small station like Rangely. One can 'most generally tell whether a fellow's going to amount to anything or not by the way he takes hold at the start. If he's got it in him he's going to show it, however low down he begins—leastways that's been my experience.'

The following Tuesday James Ellis threw down his pen on the desk, an expression of puzzled inquiry on his sunburnt face.

'I—I don't understand—discharged!' And he again unfolded the officially stamped paper that he held in his hands. 'No cause of complaint that I know of and another man appointed in his place—will be here on Friday. "Inexperienced!" He's done everything required—never seen a more capable hand.'

The station agent was visibly agitated when Tim appeared at the office door.

'I've got bad news for you; here, you may read it.'

'Discharged! Why, what have I—'

'Done nothing, save attend strictly to your work,' interrupted Ellis, looking up. 'They say you're too young; it's a fault you'll get over in time, my boy.'

'I wonder they didn't think of that when father—' There was something strangely like a lump in the boy's throat. 'I'm older'n I was then.'

'I know; it's an outrage!' And Ellis threw down the notice indignantly.

For the next two days Tim attended regularly to his work, just as prompt and careful, regarding every detail as though he were newly appointed and not a discharged hand.

After a couple of weeks Tim got a job in the village, but the pay was much smaller than he had been receiving in the railway's employ. Yet the family managed to live on

it, and, during the early summer he received a raise in his wages.

While Tim felt the injustice of the action taken by the railway company, he never complained. It wasn't his nature to find fault.

'It may be providential, dear,' and Mrs. Hammond thought painfully of the one trial she had been forced to experience. 'You're safe, at least, where you are; there's no danger of accidents as there is around a railway.'

Going back and forth from the village, Tim was accustomed to 'cut across lots.' By taking the railway track through the notch he was able to save three-quarters of a mile, and that seemed a good deal to one who was obliged to walk it twice a day.

The notch had been cut through a ledge and bank of loose rock. On one side there had been left an immense boulder, to keep from rolling down on the track smaller stones that might otherwise be dislodged by the heavy fall and spring rains. To serve as a protection against a possible dislodgement of the big boulder itself, a heavy chain had been placed around it, the ends of which were fastened to staples, securely fixed by drilling to the solid ledge on either side.

''Twould make a bad piece of business, often thought Tim, as he passed through the notch, 'if that should happen to break away and come tearing down on the track. If it turned a little to the right, 'twould go crashing into the ravine, and I wouldn't give much for the sleepers and rails it went over. And a train that might come along!' Tim shuddered at the destruction of life and property that such an accident would cause.

It was the middle of November, and it had been raining for a week; not an occasional shower, but a steady downpour, accompanied by heavy winds.

'It doesn't seem safe, not to have some one stationed here.' Tim was going through the notch during the rainy period to his work, and he stopped just in front of the massive boulder. 'The rain must have loosened a good many of those smaller fellows up above on the side, and, if they should get started that chain would snap like a tow string—there'd be a regular avalanche. 'Twould be different if there wasn't the curve, so the engineer could see more'n a couple of rods ahead.

Tim was late starting home that evening. He had waited longer than usual in the village, hoping the rain would slacken somewhat, for, if anything, it had rained all the afternoon harder than at any other time during the week.

'Don't believe it's going to stop; might's well be moving. And Tim buttoned his coat more closely about his throat.

It was dark as he approached the notch. 'I'd like to see how the boulder's standing it, but don't suppose I can distinguish much, dark and rainy as it is to-night.'

Before he was opposite the big boulder and just as he was speaking, he tripped and fell—the rails had been bent.

'It's—it's—the boulder!' scrambling to his feet. 'It's gone!'

Ahead of him, the track had been torn up, roadbed, sleepers and rails having been carried into the ravine below! At his feet opened a great gully, to which Tim had carefully felt his way along.

'No knowing how deep it is. Wish I had a lantern. I wonder if it's anywhere's near time for a train?'

Feeling in his pocket he found a match—'twas the only one he had. Striking it, he looked at the watch that had been his father's.

The express was due in just ten minutes.

What could he do? He seemed powerless. And there were scores of lives aboard the 'Sunset Special.' There wasn't time to get a message sent to hold the train at Falmouth; it had already left that station, and was thundering on through the storm and darkness to its destruction.

'If I only had a light to signal the engineer, but I've—nothing!' Tim's voice was pathetic with helplessness.

He ran back beyond the curve. He listened—yes, that was the whistle. He could distinguish it through the driving storm above the roar of the wind.

At the sound of the whistle Tim was seized as though by a sudden inspiration.

'I—I—might be able. I'd be surer if it didn't blow so.'

Just ahead beside the track was a pyramid of loose stones. Bounding across the rail he caught up one—it seemed to the determined boy about the right weight. Rushing along the track, he balanced it calculatingly in his right hand. He could see the headlight of the engine now!

'It's—the only—chance!' breathlessly.

Tim hurriedly took his position on a slight elevation at the left of the track—he could throw better from that side—and waited.

'If I shouldn't hit—but I must!' And there was courage born of resolution in that whisper.

The train was only twenty yards away. When almost opposite—now! The rock went whizzing towards the headlight—there was a crash of broken glass—it had hit—the light went out!

The engineer instantly applied the air brake; there was a grinding of the great wheels as though maddened at such a liberty being taken with them, and slowly the heavy train came to a stop.

'Haven't I seen you before?' Tim was in the president's private car, for it was attached to the 'Sunset Special' that night. He had been conducted there by the president of the road himself.

'I think you saw me once at Rangely—'twas before I was discharged—while you were waiting for the "Elmore."'

'Discharged! I remember; on account of inexperience. I remember, too, a letter that was later handed me from the station agent there, indignantly declaring that, instead of discharge, you should have received a promotion. I've a better one to offer you now, my boy'—and he grasped Tim's hand warmly—'than I could have given you then—if you'll accept it.'

Little self-denials, little honesties, little passing words of sympathy, little nameless acts of kindness, little silent victories over favorite temptation—these are the silent threads of gold which, when woven together, gleam out so brightly in the pattern of life that God approves.—Canon Farrar.

Through a Microscope.

(Helen B. Schoonhoven, in the 'Tribune.')

'Come in, old man!'

Boy's father was writing hard in his study, but at the sound of the knock on the other side of the closed door he laid down his pen. That knock meant that Boy was thirsting for his father's society. So 'Come in, old man!' brought Boy bursting into the room with, 'Say, dad, are you awful busy?' The Boy, I am sorry to say, when he was in a hurry sometimes forgot his grammar.

'Yes, I am very busy, but I'm going to get out my microscope and look at some things, and maybe you would like to take a peek at them.'

It was always an event when the bright polished microscope came out from under its glass case. Boy got the piano stool and screwed it high for his particular perch, from which he could look down into a world where tiny things suddenly became as big as cats and dogs.

'Say, Boy, did you ever suppose that a fly or a flea or a mosquito was very interesting, or that there was anything to learn about any of them?'

'They're just measly little bugs, aren't they, dad?'

'Yes, but being just measly bugs doesn't keep them from being interesting, and I am going to show you how they look under our microscope. Here's a mosquito. Did you ever imagine when you slapped one that he had so many funny things about his body?'

'Oh, say, dad, what a queer mouth this fellow's got! What's that long, bristly hair hanging out there and those spiky hairs alongside of it?' inquired Boy, as he looked into the tube.

'That long, bristly hair, as you call it, is the sucking tube of the mosquito. He runs it into your skin and sucks up your blood through the slit he makes. If he comes to any hard place that won't cut through he has two lancets that he keeps in a sheath, and he brings them out when necessary. In the same way he sucks up the nectar of plants, watermelon juice, drinks water and even beer! Those long, feathery hairs you see are the ears of the mosquito. How would you like to have your ears out on long stalks like that? I have been calling this insect "he," but really this is a lady mosquito. The gentlemen of the family never bite and rarely go out for food. They prefer the women of the family to do all the work and all the eating. They don't come up to our idea of true men, do they, Boy?

'Now I'm going to show you this chap—excuse me—this lady when she was a baby. She lives in the water and is called a wriggler. You remember we saw a lot of these baby mosquitoes on an old rain barrel last summer. They have to have air, but they get it through their tails; a funny way to breathe, isn't it? So now, when people want to destroy the crop of mosquitoes they kill off the wrigglers by putting kerosene oil on the surface of the water where they are living. This oil stops up the wriggler's tail so it can't breathe. Now I am going to show you what the wriggler looks like when she is half grown and is just between being a baby and a full fledged mosquito. Now, you see, she has come out of the wriggler stage and made herself a little raft to sit upon, and on this raft she comes to the surface of the water and sails around until her wings unfold and away she goes, a full fledged, winged insect, armed with her lances and sucking tube, ready for adventure, like the knights of old.'

'Say, who'd ever think, dad, there was so much to know about a little biting buzzer like a mosquito?'

'Now, Boy, I want you to look at the flea and tell me what he looks like to you.'

'Whew! Just like a pig! But what are all those bristles sticking out of him?'

'Isn't it a good thing he isn't any bigger than he is, with a body like that and those sharp, cutting jaws of his? He is so little and so active and so smart that it is almost impossible to catch him or kill him after he is full grown. He can be killed when he is a baby quite easily, for he hatches from an egg and is very frail. Then he lives in a cocoon in a crack in the floor or in the soft threads of the carpet. But after he gets his growth he is well able to take care of himself and lives a happy, care free life, biting cats and dogs and people whenever he is hungry. I think he is the most disagreeable, detestable little pest in the whole list of insects.'

'Well, I never thought he looked like that. What next, dad?'

'Now, for our friend the fly,' said father, putting a new slide under the tube.

'Say, I thought a fly's body was smooth; but this fellow is all hairs, on his legs and all.'

'Sure enough, Boy, and that is why he is dangerous. He walks in all kinds of dirt, and then he walks on our food and leaves a trail of filth behind him wherever he goes. Flies are in some ways more dangerous than fleas or mosquitoes, for they are so numerous, so hard to keep out, to catch or to kill. They live on all kinds of decaying food and bring along with them into our homes on their hairy bodies whatever dirt they have been trailing over. Men of science are working to have people do all they can to destroy this dangerous little insect.'

The boy was looking very intently down the tube and thinking how many hundreds of flies had crawled over him in the summer, outdoors and in, Father said:

'Now, run along, Boy; time's up and I must go back to my writing. Next time I'll show you some of the things that eat up these chaps and help to make their lives a burden.

Boy clattered downstairs and went back to his play, thinking how funny it would be if all the small bugs should suddenly become as big as cats and dogs and come walking toward him.

I have known what the enjoyments and advantages of this life are, and what the more refined pleasures which learning and intellectual power can bestow; and, with all the experience that more than threescore years can give, I now, on the eve of my departure, declare (and earnestly pray that you may hereafter live and act upon the conviction) that health is a great blessing; competence obtained by honorable industry a great blessing; and a great blessing it is to have kind, loving and faithful friends and relatives; but the greatest of all blessings, as it is the noblest of all privileges, is to be a Christian.—Coleridge.

What the Moon Saw.

(By Hans C. Andersen. Translated by H. W. Dulcken, Ph.D.)

(Continued.)

TWENTY-SIXTH EVENING.

'Last night I looked down upon a town in China,' said the Moon. 'My beams irradiated the naked walls that form the streets there. Now and then, certainly, a door is seen; but it is locked, for what does the Chinaman care about the outer world? Close wooden shutters covered the windows behind the walls of the houses; but through the windows of the temple a faint light glimmered. I looked in, and saw the quaint decorations within. From the floor to the ceiling pictures are painted, in the most glaring colors, and richly gilt—pictures representing the deeds of the gods here on earth. In each niche statues are placed, but they are almost entirely hidden by the colored drapery and the banners that hang down. Before each idol (and they are all made of tin)

PRETTY PU.

stood a little altar of holy water, with flowers and burning wax lights on it. Above all the rest stood Fo, the chief deity, clad in a garment of yellow silk, for yellow is here the sacred color. At the foot of the altar sat a living being, a young priest. He appeared to be praying, but in the midst of his prayer he seemed to fall into deep thought, and this must have been wrong, for his cheeks glowed and he held down his head. Poor Soui-hong! Was he, perhaps, dreaming of working in the little flower garden behind the high street wall? And did that occupation seem more agreeable to him than watching the wax lights in the temple? Or did he wish to sit at the rich feast, wiping his mouth with silver paper between each course? Or was his sin so great that, if he dared utter it, the Celestial Empire would punish it with death? Had his thoughts ventured to fly with the ships of the barbarians, to their homes in far distant England? No, his thoughts did not fly so far, and yet they were sinful, sinful as thoughts born of young hearts, sinful here in the temple, in the presence of Fo and the other holy gods.

'I know whither his thoughts had strayed. At the farther end of the city, on the flat roof paved with porcelain, on which stood the handsome vases covered with painted flowers, sat the beauteous Pu, of the little roguish eyes, of the full lips, and of the tiny feet. The tight shoe pained her, but her heart pained her still more. She lifted her graceful round arm, and her satin dress rustled. Before her stood a glass bowl containing four gold-fish. She stirred the bowl carefully with a slender lacquered stick, very slowly, for she, too, was lost in thought. Was she thinking, perchance, how the fishes were richly clothed in gold, how they lived calmly and peacefully in their crystal world, how they were regularly fed, and yet how much happier they might be if they were free? Yes, that she could well understand, the beautiful Pu. Her thoughts wandered away from her home, wandered away to the temple, but not for the sake of holy things. Poor Pu! Poor Soui-hong!

'Their earthly thoughts met, but my cold beam lay between the two, like the sword of the cherub.'

TWENTY-SEVENTH EVENING.

'The air was calm,' said the Moon; 'the water was transparent as the purest ether through which I was gliding, and deep below the surface I could see the strange plants that stretched up their long arms towards me like the gigantic trees of the forest. The fishes swam to and fro above their tops. High in the air a flight of wild swans were winging their way, one of which sank lower and lower, with wearied pinions, his eyes following the airy caravan, that melted farther and farther into the distance. With outspread wings he sank slowly, as a soap bubble sinks in the still air, till he touched the water. At length his head lay back between his wings, and silently he lay there, like a white lotus flower upon the quiet lake. And a gentle wind arose, and crisped the quiet surface, which gleamed like the clouds that poured along in great broad waves; and the swan raised his head, and the glowing water splashed like blue fire over his breast and back. The morning dawn illuminated the red clouds, the swan rose strengthened, and flew towards the rising sun, towards the bluish coast whither the caravan had gone; but he flew alone, with a longing in his breast. Lonely he flew over the blue swelling billows.'

TWENTY-EIGHTH EVENING.

'I will give you another picture of Sweden,' said the Moon. 'Among dark pine woods, near the melancholy banks of the Stoxen, lies the old convent church of Wreta. My rays glided through the grating into the roomy vaults, where kings sleep tranquilly in great stone coffins. On the wall, above the grave of each, is placed the emblem of earthly grandeur, a kingly crown; but it is made only of wood, painted and gilt, and is hung on a wooden peg driven into the wall. The worms have gnawed the gilded wood, the spider has spun her web from the crown down to the sand, like a mourning banner, frail and transient as the griefs of mortals. How quietly they sleep! I can remember them quite plainly. I still see the bold smile on their lips, that so strongly and plainly expressed joy or grief. When the steamboat winds along like a magic snail over the lakes, a stranger often comes to the church, and visits the burial vault; he asks the names of the kings, and they have a dead and forgotten sound. He glances with a smile at the worm-eaten crowns, and if he happens to be a pious, thoughtful man, something of melancholy mingles with the smile. Slumber on, ye dead ones! The Moon thinks of you, the Moon at night sends down his rays into your silent kingdom, over which hangs the crown of pine wood.'

TWENTY-NINTH EVENING.

'Close by the high-road,' said the Moon, 'is an inn, and opposite to it is a great waggon-shed, whose straw roof was just being rethatched. I looked down between the bare rafters and through the open loft into the comfortless space below. The turkey-cock slept on the beam, and the saddle rested in the empty crib. In the middle of the shed stood a travelling carriage; the proprietor was inside, fast asleep, while the horses were being watered. The coachman stretched himself, though I am very sure that he had been most comfortably asleep half the last stage. The door of the servants' room stood open, and the bed looked as if it had been turned over and over; the candle stood on the floor, and had burnt deep down into the socket. The wind blew cold through the shed: it was nearer to the dawn than to midnight. In the wooden frame on the ground slept a wandering family of musicians. The father and mother seemed to be dreaming of the burning liquor that remained in the bottle. The little pale daughter was dreaming, too, for her eyes were wet with tears. The harp stood at their heads, and the dog lay stretched at their feet.

(To be continued.)

Two Medicine Men of the 'Great Land.'

(Ruth G. Winant, in the 'Sunday School Times.')

(Concluded.)

With the first rays of sunshine Eliguak awoke to hear across the snow the sound of sleigh bells. The dogs,—for it was a dog-sled,—stopped before the tupee door in which there appeared in a moment the most kind, loving face that Eliguak had ever seen.

'Who are you!' asked the boy, slipping his wan, wasted little hand into the big, brawny one of the missionary.

'I'm the missionary, the Jesus-medicine-man, Dr. Long said. For a moment Eliguak trembled, then whispered low: 'And do you dance, 'round and 'round many times? and do you sing?'

Dr. Long assured the boy that he did not dance, and that he would not sing unless he wanted him to. Reassured, Eliguak let his new friend make the necessary examination. When it was over Dr. Long talked in a low voice to Pingassuk, and then turning to the boy, he said: 'Come, you shall choose; would you like to get well again? so well that you could run and jump, so well that after a while you could earn money for your mother and grandmother?' Eagerly Eliguak answered that he would.

'I am going to put you on my sled,' the young missionary said, 'and I shall take you to the house where I live, the Christian hospital, and there you shall stay until you get all well again.'

Carefully Pingassuk wrapped her boy in his great, warm blanket, and they hugged each other in silence, while the doctor looked the other way.

Bowing low, the mother murmured 'Kou-janah' (thank you) to the doctor, and with a jingle of bells, and a raising of loose snow into the air they were off.

Soon the river was reached and Eliguak hurried on board the steamer, and in an hour they were sailing up the river. Night had fallen, and Dr. Long gathered his men together for prayers, the meaning of which he explained to this boy of the 'Great Land' as Alaska is called. Then he read a story of a Man who made a little sick boy well when no one else could do so. Eliguak's eyes grew dim and the stars that shone down upon him through the cabin door looked strangely misty in the heavens, and the little boy whispered: 'I'll never, no never, pray to the wild-fowl, the badger and the owl again, if this Man makes me well.' And Eliguak grew well and strong, and Eliguak kept his promise.

Sidelights From Blossom Alley.

(By Lucy Rider Meyer.)

An' then she told us we must love everybody!—she was talkin' along in the sewin' school, you know. I didn't say anything, but I s'pose I looked something, for she stopped talkin' and looked at me. An' the next time 'round, after all the needles was threaded an' everybody was sewin', she came and sat down by me.

'Who is it you don't love, dear?' said she.

An' I tossed up my head, it seemed so perfickly ridic'lous to love everybody! An' I said: 'Well, Miss Percy, there's a good many folks I don't love some, but there's one person I don't love very bad. An' that's Aunt Angie!'

The dear'ness didn't say anything, but she

(Continued on Page 13.)

$10,000.00 IN PRIZES FREE TO YOUNG LADIES OF MONTREAL AND CANADA

The Montreal 'Witness' announces a **Great Prize Voting Contest** for the distribution of $10,000 in valuable prizes to the energetic and industrious ladies of Montreal and the Dominion of Canada. We have divided the territory into two grand divisions—one greater Montreal, and the other the territory outside. Each grand division is sub-divided into districts, and in each district an equal number of prizes will be given. Besides the Capital Grand Prize, the Automobile, we will give away two 'Nordheimer' Player Pianos (or as an alternative to one of these a piece of Real Estate worth $1,000), eight 'Heintzman' Pianos, eight $110.00 Diamond Rings, eight Complete Business Courses, and eight $50.00 Values in Jewellery. **Our subscribers are to select the winners of these prizes.** Selections will be made by ballot; all old and new subscribers paying or prepaying their subscriptions to the 'Daily Witness,' 'Weekly Witness,' 'World Wide,' 'Canadian Pictorial,' or 'Northern Messenger,' will be given votes which they can cast for their favorite candidates, according to the table of votes. Besides the votes given on subscriptions there will be a coupon published in each issue of the 'Witness' which when cut out and filled will count five votes. The winners of these prizes will be the ladies with the most extensive acquaintance, with the best organizing and hustling abilities. Send in your nomination at once. It costs absolutely nothing. Thousands of people work years to save what you can win in nine weeks' time. **The sooner you act, the better your chances of success.**

NOMINATION BLANK.

Good for 1,000 Votes.

Date.. .. ..

To Contest Manager, Montreal 'Witness.'

I nominate.. .. ..

Address.. .. ..

District No.. .. ..

As a candidate in 'Witness' Contest.

Signed.. .. ..

Address.. .. ..

Send To The Contest Manager.

HOW TO ENTER THE GREAT CONTEST.

Cut out the Nomination Blank and fill out as directed with your name and address, or the name and address of one of your friends, and send it to The Contest Manager of the 'Witness,' and state that you or your favorite candidate desire to compete for one of these valuable prizes, and a representative from the Contest Department will call and explain the contest in full. There are no obligations upon entering this contest, and it costs you nothing to try.

The prizes include one 1910 Model Russell Touring Car, valued at $2,500, two Nordheimer Player Pianos valued at $850 each, eight $450 Heintzman Pianos, eight beautiful Diamond Rings valued at $110 each, eight Complete Business Courses in the Montreal Business College, and eight $50 values in Jewellery.

If you are interested, cut out the Nomination Blank and mail it to-day, it will start you in the contest with 1,000 votes. Upon your request we will mail a copy of our booklet 'The Way to Success for Contestants in the "Witness" Contest,' which explains the contest in full.

FOR FURTHER INFORMATION ADDRESS

THE CONTEST MANAGER, 'WITNESS' PUBLISHING COMPANY,

MONTREAL, CANADA.

YOUR OPPORTUNITY

To Win a Valuable Prize, Worth the Savings of a Lifetime, with but Little Effort on Your Part.

How Prizes Will Be Distributed

The Grand Capital Prize, a 1910 Model Russell Touring Car, will be awarded to the contestant who secures the largest number of votes, irrespective of districts.

The Two $850 Nordheimer Player Pianos will be awarded to the two contestants, one in the City of Montreal and one outside, having the greatest number of votes, and who do not win the automobile. (See Real Estate option.)

The Eight Heintzman Pianos will be awarded to the eight candidates having the most votes in their respective districts, and who do not win the Automobile or Player Pianos.

The Eight $110 Diamond Rings will be awarded to the eight contestants who receive the second greatest number of votes in their respective districts.

The Eight Business Courses will be awarded to the eight contestants who receive the third greatest number of votes in their respective districts.

The Eight $50 values in Jewellery will be awarded to the eight contestants who receive the fourth greatest number of votes in their respective districts.

WHO MAY ENTER THIS CONTEST.

Any lady, married or single, is eligible to compete, providing the conditions set forth below are complied with.

Every candidate must be regularly nominated in writing on the blank printed in this paper or a similar blank furnished by the 'Witness.'

Candidates must reside in the district or territory from which nominated. No candidate will be permitted to transfer votes to another after receiving them for herself.

Ballots sent in for names not properly nominated will be destroyed uncounted.

All coupons must be neatly trimmed, or they will be rejected as iuformal.

Postage must be fully prepaid, or they will be rejected at the post-office, hence not counted.

No employee, or member of an employee's family of the 'Daily Witness' can be a contestant in this contest.

Any questions that may arise will be determined by the Contest Manager of the 'Witness,' and his decision will be final and conclusive.

All money paid on subscriptions must be sent direct to the Contest Department of the 'Witness,' and on receipt of remittance special ballots will be issued.

The contest will open officially on Friday, Sept. 17, 1909, and will close on Saturday, November 20, 1909.

In case of a tie for any of the prizes offered by the 'Witness,' each candidate will receive prizes of equal value.

Contestants that live in one district are not prevented from securing subscriptions or votes in any other district, as votes will be allowed on any prepaid subscriptions. If an order for a subscription is sent with the money, votes will be issued in favor of any contestant that the writer may designate, and returned to the subscriber, or mailed to the contestant if so desired.

Any person wishing to withdraw from the contest must write us personally, as no telephone message will be considered.

The 'Witness' reserves the right to make any changes or additions to the above conditions that may be deemed necessary in the interests of contestants.

In accepting nominations, all candidates must accept and agree to abide by the above conditions.

Districts. Divisions.

The City of Montreal and surrounding territory has been divided into eight districts as follows, five in Greater Montreal, and three districts outside.

DISTRICT No. 1—That portion of the city lying south of the canal, to the river, and Verdun, Lachine and Ville St. Paul.

DISTRICT No. 2—That portion of the city north of the canal, and west of Guy Street, including Westmount, St. Henri, Notre Dame de Grace, and Notre Dame des Neiges.

DISTRICT No. 3 That portion of the city east of Guy St. to Park Ave. and Bleury St., and bounded on the north by Pine Ave., and south by the Canal and River St. Lawrence.

DISTRICT No. 4—That portion of the city north of Pine Ave., and adjoining suburbs from Outremont eastward.

DISTRICT No. 5—That portion of the city east of Park Ave. and Bleury, and south of Pine Ave. to the river and adjoining suburbs.

DISTRICT No. 6—All Canada West of Ottawa and Prescott, Ont., but not including these two places.

DISTRICT No. 7—East of Ottawa and Prescott to Quebec City—including Ottawa and Prescott, but not Quebec or its suburbs, and excluding Greater Montreal, which is provided for above.

DISTRICT No. 8—All of Canada from and including Quebec City and Eastward; also Newfoundland.

WRITE TO THE CONTEST MANAGER TO-DAY

LITTLE FOLKS

Reciprocity.

'Charlie!' called Helen, running into the library, 'won't you come help me fix my wheel? It's a lovely day to ride.'

'I'm finishing a story,' said Charlie, hardly looking up. 'Wait a few minutes.'

'May I look too?' And Helen put her arms around Charlie and began to read.

'O, I hadn't finished!' she cried as Charlie began slowly to turn a leaf.

Charlie's little demon temper sprang up.

'Who was reading first, I'd like to know! I never saw anything like girls! They can't do anything without bothering some boy to help them.'

Helen didn't say a word, not even when Charlie called after her, 'Don't go off in a huff, sis! I'll help you in a minute.'

When the minute, a rather long one, was up, Helen had gotten herself and wheel ready, and had gone up the street.

'Where's Helen, mamma?' asked Charlie.

'Gone to spend the day with May. It's too pleasant a day for indoors.'

'I thought she wanted me to ride with her.'

'She thought you didn't want to bother.'

'Ho-hum,' yawned Charlie. 'I'd fixed my mind on that, and now I don't know what to do.'

'Where's Rob or Fred?' asked mamma.

'Both are away from home.'

Charlie lounged around all day, rather a doleful boy, considering his lofty way of looking down on Helen's head. He missed Helen the more because she had done without him.

'I think I'll ride up for Helen,' he said after supper.

'I'd like it too,' said Charlie to himself.

To Helen he said: 'I'll never say a word about girls needing boys again. I just felt lost without you.'

Helen's eyes filled with tears. 'I guess every one needs every one,' she said.—'The Sunbeam.'

—'Our Dumb Animals.'

'Which would you choose? Father says I may only keep one.'

Ida's Birthday Present.

Good morning, mamma and papa, said little Ida Mayburn, as she bounded into the breakfast-room one bright spring morning. 'Thank you both so much for the nice writing desk and work-box I found in my room. They are just lovely. I must surely learn to write and sew now.'

'Yes,' said her father, smiling. 'We thought you wouldn't care so much for dolls, now that you are getting a big girl, and ten years old.'

'Oh, I wouldn't like to give up my dollies just yet,' replied Ida, 'they are so good and pretty. But I like your present and mamma's very much too.'

'I am glad you do,' said her mother. 'But now open these little parcels and this letter. Then perhaps you will be ready for breakfast.'

'Yes, I should think she would,' said her father, laughing.

The parcels contained birthday presents from two of Ida's aunts, and the letter was from grandma, saying that she would be with them that evening, and would her bring present then.

'I wonder what it will be,' said Ida, as she sat down to breakfast. 'Something nice I know.'

But when grandma came, to Ida's great disappointment, she brought nothing with her, and the little girl thought there must surely be a mistake somehow. At last the old lady called her to her side and gave her a half-sovereign, telling her to spend it just as she liked.

'Oh, thank you so much, grandma,' exclaimed Ida. 'I was just wishing I could buy a carriage for my dollies, and some new clothes. This is the very thing. I'll get nurse to take me to-morrow to buy them.'

But when to-morrow came it rained, and Mrs. Mayburn would not hear of her little girl going out.

'I don't see why it must rain to-day just when I wanted to go out,' grumbled Ida as she stood looking out of the window.

'Cheer up, dear,' said grandma, 'It will not always rain. The sun will shine to-morrow I hope.'

And sure enough it did, so Ida set out with a very light heart indeed to spend her money. As she and nurse entered the toy shop to look at some doll's carriages a poorly-dressed little girl stopped them to ask if they would buy a bunch of flowers which she carried in a basket.

'It's the last I have,' said the child. 'Do, please, take it.'

Nurse questioned her and learned that her father had died abroad. That her mother had been ill ever since they came to England some weeks before, and that they were living a very short distance from the toy shop.

Ida looked at the poor little girl, then at her money, and thought of the things she had come out to buy. Could she give them up and get something nice for the sick woman?

'Nurse,' she said, 'will you come, and we will go with her to see her mother?'

Nurse consented, and they were soon on their way. A few minutes' walk brought them to a small, cheerless looking house, into which the child led the way. The kitchen was poorly furnished but very clean, and resting on a low chair by the fire was a woman whom the little girl called mother.

'Here are some friends to see you, mother,' she said, as she laid her hand gently on her mother's shoulder.

'Very well, dear, I am very pleased to see any one who may have been kind to you. But give them seats, Norah. You forget ourself.'

The child did as she was told, and nurse had some conversation with the woman whose name was Mrs. Harley, and whose husband had died abroad, leaving his wife and child almost without money. They managed to get back to England, and the child tried to add to their small means by selling flowers as she had been doing that day when Ida and her nurse met her.

Before leaving Ida put all her money into the sick woman's hand, saying—

'Buy something nice to make you well with this. Grandma gave it to me as a birthday present, but I know mother would let me give it to you if she were here,' and with that she

followed nurse who was already at the door.

When they reached home Ida told her mother all, and got her to promise that she would go with her to see the sick woman, so a few days after they set out. Norah opened the door and seemed delighted to see Ida. She led them into the bedroom, where her mother was lying, as she was worse that day and not able to be up.

Mrs. Mayburn gave a little scream as she saw Mrs. Harley's face.

'Why, Mary!' she exclaimed. 'Where have you been all these years? And why did you never write?'

Mrs. Harley could not speak at first, but at last she said—

'Sit down, and I will tell you.'

So they had a long conversation, as it turned out that Mrs. Harley was Mr. Mayburn's only sister who had gone abroad with her husband years before, and who had never been heard from since the death of her father and mother. Mr. Mayburn had sold the old home after that and had come to town to live, so when she had written home she got no answer. Then Mr. Mayburn wrote some time after he came to town, she and her husband had left the place where they had been living and never got the letter, so somehow the had drifted apart. You may guess how surprised Mr. Mayburn was, and glad, too, to find his sister after all these years. She and Norah came to live with them, and Mrs Harley soon got well. Ida was very pleased to have Norah to play with, and they never quarrelled.

Had Ida been selfish and gone on to spend her money for her own pleasure they might never all have met, but her aunt often said that they had been brought together by 'Ida's birthday present.'—'Daybreak.'

'Dorothy's Bows.'

(By Agnes C. Pohlman, in the 'Sunday-school Messenger.'

'Where is Dorothy?' asked Aunt Madge as she entered the sitting room and found only mother there.

'She is in her room,' mother answered. 'I have asked her to arrange her ribbons neatly in her dresser drawer. I found them in the wildest confusion this morning.'

'I guess I'll go up to see her,' Aunt Madge said; and, as mother did not object, she went upstairs.

Aunt Madge seemed to know everything about little girls, and she thought just right when she thought Dorothy did not like the task mother had set her to do. When she reached Dorothy's door, sure enough she found the little girl pouting, and real tears stood in the pretty brown eyes. She was rolling a bright red ribbon over her fingers when auntie peeked in.

'O, there is dear little Miss Red Bow!' cried Aunt Madge, who came forward into the room, and looked so glad and gay to see 'Little Miss Red Bow' that Dorothy paused in surprise and wonder. 'Isn't she a dear?' went on Aunt Madge. 'She has the jolliest times of any little 'Bow' I've ever seen. She dances an bobs around so gayly when you are making mud pies dear; and you just ought to see her when you play 'tag or blind man's buff.' She dances off her head. She is always the one to be caught in the old apple tree and left swinging; but she always goes to and fro, to and fro when the wind blows as if it were just the jolliest thing in the world to get caught up in a tree when the little girl goes climbing down. 'O, of all the bows, I do believe little Miss Red Bow has the most fun; don't you?'

Dorothy smiled at this.

'Once little Miss Red Bow was left out all night,' she said. 'My! O my!' cried Aunt Madge, 'did she think that was dreadful?'

Dorothy laughed outright. 'No, she didn't Aunt Madge; she was just as bright as could be when I found her on the rosebush next morning.'

'There is beautiful Miss Blue Bow!' Aunt Madge exclaimed. 'I saw her at church last Sunday. She is very sweet and dignified, isn't she? She bobbed very gayly when the children marched at Sunday-school, and when you dropped your penny in the box, she sat up so proudly on your curly head. But when the minister was preaching, she was very stiff, and listened. She is very dear and good as well as beautiful,' continued Aunt Madge as Dorothy gave Miss Blue Bow a final pat and placed her in the drawer.

Then she smiled again as Dorothy drew out of the tangled heap a broad ribbon of pink satin. 'Dear me, if there isn't Miss Pink Bow! She is the "Belle of the Bows." She goes to all the parties, where Miss Dorothy is all in pink, from top to toe. How elegant she is! She loves the pretty games they have at the parties, and she knows she is the prettiest of all the little Bows at the party. And she dances so gracefully! It shows all the lovely pink folds of satin to great advantage. I think she is so dainty; and do you know, I believe she feels real hurt when she is tossed into the drawer any old way.'

Dorothy smoothed out the pretty ribbon very carefully. 'I suppose if I don't treat Miss Pink Bow real nicely she won't be the "Belle of the Bows" at the parties; and I wouldn't like that either,' she smilingly said to her Aunt Madge, who seemed very much pleased that Dorothy would now regard her ribbons as 'Little Misses,' to be cared for properly.

Last of all came the rosebud bows. Aunt Madge clapped her hands when she saw them. 'Well! well!' she cried. 'Here are the dear little "twins." They are the bows for hot weather, when Miss Dorothy has her hair tied away from her neck, so she will keep cool. The "twins" go to the icecream parlor often, and have long rides on the street cars, and go picnicking in the parks. They have such nice times, and travel more than all the other bows; but they are not the least bit "stuck up" about it, for they are dear, dainty little lady bows.'

Dorothy smoothed the 'twins' out and closed her drawer. 'Aunt Madge,' she said, 'do you suppose they'll care if I shut them up in the dark?'

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Correspondence

ROYAL LEAGUE OF KINDNESS.

I pledge myself
To speak kindly to others,
To speak kindly of others,
To think kind thoughts,
To do kind deeds.

Anyone may become a member of the R. L. of K. by copying out the above pledge, signing and sending it to the editor.

PLEDGE CARDS.—For those who wish to have them, we issue neat and durable pledge cards, 4 inches by 6, printed in purple and white, and ready to hang on the wall. Single cards, five cents and two cents for postage; six cards to one address, twenty-five cents and two cents for postage.

BADGES.—We also issue for sale with the pledge card, if desired, a neat brooch pin of fine hard enamel, in the above design of a bow in our own league colors, purple and white. Single badge with pledge card, and postage included, twenty-five cents; five badges with pledge cards and postage included to one address, one dollar.

Mark all orders on both envelope and letter with the three letters R.L.K.

We are glad to welcome to our League the new members for this week:—Lillian Gagnon, C. C., P., Ont.; Ada Kirkpatrick, P., B.C.; Clarinda Strong, G., Ont.; Mildred Evelyn Sims, P., Y., N.S.; Helen McLeod, B., Ont.

C. N. A., N.S.

Dear Editor,—I am a little girl. I have one brother and one sister. Their names are Fred and Louise. Fred is fourteen years old, and Louise is eight. I will be twelve on October 3rd. I wonder if any other little girl's birthday is on the same day as mine. Our school began August 30th, but I have not commenced to go yet, as I have been sick. My brother is in Grade Ten, and my sister is in Grade Four, and I am in grade six. We all like our teacher very much. This is the third term she has taught here. My father is a farmer, and also a blacksmith. I live near the store, post-office, Orange Hall School, and Baptist Church. The industries are agriculture and lumbering. We have taken the 'Messenger' ever since I can remember, and we like it so much, we could not do without it. Wishing the 'Messenger' every success.

EDITH S. WILSON.

SERVING WHERE HE CALLS.

There are weary ones around you
Sinking 'neath their load of fears,
Do you try to lift their burdens,
Do you wipe away their tears?
No, you aim for something greater,
Work to gain the praise of man,
Something that will lift you 'higher'
Than His lowly service can.

But dear friend a 'name' will perish,
Present honors pass away,
If you'd have a wealth enduring,
To the bright and perfect day,
Speak the word of Consolation,
Spend the golden coin of love;
All you give to help the needy
Has been loaned to God above.

All around you, men are longing
For a word of kindly cheer.
Take them by the hand, my brother,
Tell them, Christ the Lord will hear.
Tell them how the Saviour loves them,
How He longs to make them free,
Tell them that it was for their sins
That He hung upon the tree.

Do not wait for higher callings,
On some great deed don't depend.
Do your duty in the small things
Then, the greater, God will send.
Then when all your toil is over,
And He calls to life's reward,
Well done, good and faithful servant,
You will hear from Christ the Lord.

W. E. M.

BRAVE NED.

'Come and see old Ned!' exclaimed Robbie one cold, winter morning as he came running into the kitchen with cheeks all aglow; 'he has lain down right in the middle of a great snow-bank out in the orchard, and I have called and called, but I can't make him move an inch!'

'Let's put on our rubbers and boots,' suggested Will, 'and see "what is the matter."'

'Tramp, tramp, tramp, the boys are marching,' they sang, as encased in their high boots the two little boys ploughed through the deep snow. How strange it seemed out in the orchard, where the banks of snow lay level with the high fences, and the low boughs of the apple-trees were almost hidden under the new-fallen snow. Could it be the same place where they had had such frolics in the summer?

'There he is; don't you see, Robbie, way out there by the last row of apple-trees?' exclaimed Will, pointing to a little dark heap all curled up in the midst of one of the highest banks.

'Why, there must be something or somebody under the snow!' said Robbie. 'Oh, oh, oh! do look here, Will!'

It was a strange enough sight, surely; for there, fast asleep upon the warm, soft coat of patient Ned, lay great black 'Tab' and her four little kittens.

How they all got into the orchard was a mystery, but it was probably owing to Tab's mousing propensities which often tempted her to take long excursions from home.

Her little family had evidently followed her down to the corn-house, where a nest of field-mice had kept them so busy that the blinding snow-storm of the night before had taken them unawares.

With a kitten perched upon each shoulder, and Tab and Ned following closely behind, Robbie and Will ran back to the house.

When mamma heard the story, she said it reminded her of what old Ned did once upon a time, when they lived up in Northern Vermont.

'You know your grandfather had a large sheep farm,' she began, 'and the flocks were often scattered, and some of the little lambs got lost upon the hills, where they went to pasture. That was the reason why he wanted a genuine shepherd dog, and sent directly to Scotland to procure Ned.'

The dog, even from a little puppy, was wonderfully care-taking and intelligent, and watched the flock with the utmost vigilance.

One night late in November, while the sheep were still pasturing upon the hills, there came one of those unexpected snow-storms which seem to plunge one right into the depths of winter.

'Ned was up on the mountain, as your grandfather always called the high hill on the west of the little valley where the sheep-cotes were built, and early that morning he came running down into the farm-yard, almost beside himself, with leaping, barking, and whining.

'Thinking that something had happened to the flocks, father called two or three of his farm hands, and they all hurried up the mountain, Ned running far ahead and barking wildly all the way.

'At last, long before they reached the sheep-cotes, the dog stopped and began to paw eagerly all around a strange-looking heap, that lay just under a large spruce tree. Upon coming nearer, the men saw a shepherd's crook in the snow, and just beyond a poor boy, who had evidently lost his way in the snow-storm and fallen down bewildered and exhausted.

'With some difficulty they aroused him from his stupor and brought him to the farm-house.

'I shall never forget how Ned tried to show his delight by all sorts of dog language when the poor boy revived, and we carried him to his home on the other side of the mountain.'

E. C. M.

A LITTLE GIRL'S DREAM.

[The following story was made up by one of our little correspondents who is a cripple and blind, poor little girlie. She lives in a world of her own, largely, and may God give her happy dreams there. We all send our loving greetings to the little authoress. Ed.]

Once there was a little girl and her mother told her to play in the garden while she was busy at her morning work.

The little girl promised to stay there, but soon after her mamma left she began to think of going somewhere else. So away she ran through the grass until she came to some strawberries, and there she sat down and began to eat the sweet fruit.

Presently she began to get so sleepy she laid her head on the soft grass.

Very soon she thought she was wandering in a big forest, and was very much afraid. She saw a beautiful brook and she said to it, 'Oh, Brook, can you tell me where my home is?' And the brook seemed to say: 'No, you are a naughty little girl, you should not have run away!' But the little girl said, 'If you tell me where my home is I will never run away again!' The brook said, 'No, little girl, no, little girl.' So she had to wander on until she came to a tree larger than any other in the forest, and said 'Oh, tell me where my home is, tree! I have been naughty, but please tell me?' And the tree said, 'Yes, child, you have been naughty, but I will show you the way—follow the direction of my largest branch.' And the little girl did as the tree told her. Just then she wakened and realized it had been a dream, but she felt very sorry for her disobedience. She ran home to her mamma and told her all about it and how sorry she was.

Her mother told her the dream was sent to teach her a lesson, but she at once forgave her and we are glad to know this little girl obeyed her mamma ever afterward.

EDNA HASKINS, C., N.S.

MARY'S VISIT TO THE FARM.

Mary sat by the window reading, when in walked Uncle John. Uncle John was a jolly fellow and liked Mary very much.

'Mary,' he said, 'will you come home with me to the farm and stay a while?'

Mary's mother had gone to visit a sister in England, and her father was at work all day and did not come home till nine o'clock every night, so that Mary was in bed when he came.

Being just seven years old, Mary was quite lonesome. Uncle John had a nice farm six miles away, and Mary loved to go there.

'Well,' said Mary after a few minutes' silence, 'I will if father will let me.' Uncle John said he would ask him when he came home, for he was going to stay all night.

Mary's father said she could go, and the next morning Mary started to pack her trunk. She did not take any playthings. She knew Aunt Ruth would find plenty for her to do.

When they started off the birds were singing merrily. Aunt Ruth was waiting for them. When they got to the gate she welcomed Mary with a glad smile and a kiss. Mary took off her wraps and went up to the room Aunt Ruth had ready. It was nearly dinner time and Mary was very hungry.

The days went by, and it grew quite wet. The water was coming out of the fields. Uncle John went to town one day and he bought a pair of rubber boots home to Mary. Mary put them on and had a nice time wading in the water. Grace, the girl who lived next door, had a pair, too.

When summer came Mary went to a picnic with Grace. Aunt Ruth got some nice meat and made Mary some sandwiches, and gave her some cake and other things, and Grace took enough apples, peaches, and oranges for them both, and then when Mary went home in the Fall, her mother was at home again.

RUTH ALBERTA WILLIAMS,
M. M., Mich.

N. I., N.S.

Dear Editor,—My sister has taken the 'Messenger' for quite a number of years, and we all like it very much. I wish it came every day instead of every week. I have one sister older than myself, and two brothers younger living, and three little sisters in heaven. I fell from a cherry-tree this summer and broke my arm, but it is getting better now. I have two pets, a cat named Tabby, and a kitten named Dot. Papa found a young rabbit this spring, but it died. I am sending a drawing, and will close with a riddle: What rose is born to blush unseen?

MARGARET FERGUSON.

BOYS

If you would like a nice rubber pad, with your own name and address, also a self-inking pad—all for a little work, drop us a card and we will tell you about it. Splendid for marking your books, etc. Address, John Dougall & Son, 'Witness' Office, Montreal.

Sidelights From Blossom Alley.

(Continued from Page 7.)

looked kind of sorry. An' that made me mad. You know how you feel when you get mad—all hot an' choky in your throat an' face an' little tiny twitches in your hands and fingers as if you'd like to get at somebody. An' I jes' spoke right out.

'Well, Sister,' I says, 'mebby you wouldn't love her either if she got after you a few times—dragged you round the room by the hair. An'—see here!' I jes' pulled up my sleeve and showed her my arm. I was real glad the scar was red yet. Want to see it yourself? An' I said to her, 'That's where she got after me with a hot poker a little while ago—kind of practisin' burnt-work, you see. She'd 'a' done a lot more only I yelled so; she was 'fraid the copper'd get on to her.

Well, you should 'a' seen that deac'ness' face! 'Twas just like the theatre pictures when the man's just shot the other man. And so I up and told her a lot more things 'bout how I frequent' didn't get a mouthful to eat all day unless I could swipe an apple or a bun at some stand. An' then she said it was wicked to swipe! But she said it kind o' weak like, as if she might be faint. An' I looked at her an' I never said a single word back! It wa'n't no use, you know. She hadn't never been hungry—never in all her life, and she didn't know how it felt. She wa'n't to blame for not understandin'.

Well, pretty soon Nancy Freeder's thread came out an' the deac'ness had to go to help her. I was sorry, for I liked to have her sittin' so close to me, all warm an' nice. But when the sewin' school was out she asked me where I lived an' wrote down Blossom Alley in a little red book an' said she was comin' to see me next Saturday morning.

Well, the deac'ness came, bright an' early. 'Aunt Angie was to home, an' I was awful glad of it. She was in bed, an' I myself hadn't much more'n crawled out, for I didn't dast come home the night before till two o'clock in the mornin'—Aunt Angie was so bad. She'd 'a' killed me if I'd come in before she'd got settled down.

'Good mornin'!' says the deac'ness, kind of bravo like, an' I could see she was tryin' to stop the theatre-picture look in her face.

An' then Aunt Angie waked up an' got right up. I tell you she was a terror! She don't never undress, you know, 'specially when she's on a tear. An' her hair an' eyes were pretty bad.

'What yer want?' says she, very cross. But I told her that it was only my deac'ness, an' I got the chair for her to set on an' told her to be careful an' not lean too far back—'cause it goes down, you know, if you do.

'I called to see if you could spare Nelly for a couple of weeks,' says the deac'ness, awful sweet. 'We are making up a party of Fresh Airs, and I can arrange to have her go with them if you are willin'.' An' then she went on to tell how nice it would be, an' 'bout how we'd see trees an' grass an' birds an' cows an' lots of things. It was just lovely!

Aunt Angie blinked an' looked kind of dazed, as if she didn't really understand. But the deac'ness was so takin' in her ways that the first I knew it was all fixed up. Aunt Angie said I could go, an' the deac'ness was comin' for me early Tuesday mornin'.

'But now, about your clothes, my dear. Where's your other dress?' says she.

Now, I didn't have no other dress, an' I s'pect she knew it all the time. But I wasn't goin' to lose all them nice times just because I didn't have no other dress, so I spoke up real brave:

'O, this dress'll do first-rate! I can mend it real nice, an' wash it an' iron it an' fix it all up 'fore Tuesday. This braid around the bottom is real pretty yet.'

'Well, what about your nightgown? The regulations say "one nightgown."'

Now, I didn't know then what a nightgown was. But I wasn't goin' to let on, so I said, 'O, yes'm. I'll have the ni'-gown all right.'

I looked so brave and rich that the deac'ness must have thought I knew all about ni'gowns an' such rich folks' duds. An' so after talkin' a little more, she went away.

Aunt Angie hadn't said a dozen words all the time—just sat on the side of the bed and blinked. I was awful glad of it, for if she got started an' takin' things wrong, as she probably would, there would have been a pretty how-de-do!

I picked up five baskets of coal that day, 'cause I wanted Aunt Angie to feel pleasant, an' I thought of the grass an' the cows every minute. I asked Aunt Angie, bringin' it in kind of natural like, what a ni'gown was? But she said she didn't know. An' then I asked Molly Gehowski an' Jennie Flynn and Molly O'Rierty an' everybody else, but not one of 'em knew a thing about it. I was completely dumflustered, an' so Saturday night I just got up my courage an' went to see the deac'ness—we all knew where she lived.

'Please, ma'am," I said, 'I could get it all right if I knew what it was. But I don't know, and Aunt Angie don't know, an' Molly Gehowski don't know, an' Jennie Flynn don't know, an' Molly O'Rierty don't know, an' so I thought mebby you'd tell me.'

'But what is it, dear, that you don't know about?' said she, just as sweet.

'The ni'gown!'

She laughed a little. An' then she told me it was a pretty little white dress that you wear at night, an' that some little girls always had them. It's hard enough for me to get a dress to wear daytimes without another one to wear when nobody sees you. I told her so an' she laughed again, an' turned away her head an' acted as if she was cryin' some, too. But she asked me a lot of questions an' found out all about me. She wanted to know if Aunt Angie was my mother's sister or my father's sister. An' I told her mighty quick that she wa'n't nobody's sister, but just Aunt Angie; an' how I could just remember mother's dying before Aunt Angie got me, an' how I picked up coal.

'Don't you go to school, child?'

'No. Aunt Angie says I've got to earn my keep.'

'What does she do with the coal you get? She surely can't burn it all.'

An' then I told her how she sold it an' got things, an' specially whiskey.

'And she ain't any relation to you at all?'

An' I told her I'd be 'shamed to my grave to have such a relation. An' then she said something about some 'society' an' asked me if I'd like to go into the country to live all the time? An' mebby I didn't tell her I would. Only there was one thing. But she looked so kind that I jes' asked her right out, was the cows all chained up tight, 'cause I was afraid they'd bite me. An' then she laughed an' told me they was just as gentle—just as gentle as a ki'ten, an' never bit anybody in all their born days!

Well, when I went away from that house that night I had another dress an' some of the nicest little white things to wear under it, an' another pair of shoes and a nightgown—all done up in a little bundle ready to start. But O, I must tell you, I didn't set in the parlor all the two hours I staid in that house. She took me upstairs to the funniest little white room with lots of water runnin' in a tub, an' my! such a wash as she gave me! An' then she cut my hair tight an' burned up every bit that came off, just as if she was afraid of it, an' put some medicine on my head. Mebby I didn't feel nice and clean an' sweet as I paraded down the street under the gas lights! An' mebby I didn't feel rich with all the things. An' mebby I didn't lay them all out on the table for Aunt Angie to see when she got home. But there's just where I made the worst mistake in all my life; that's all there is to it.

I thought I should die, the next mornin'. I wanted to die. Aunt Angie didn't come home all day. She'd come home in the night when I was asleep an' taken the things an' pawned 'em all for whiskey. I stayed there alone in the room all day long—laid on the floor most of the time. Once I got up and got the knife an' hid behind the door an' stayed there for a long time to kill her when she came home. But she never came home all that day nor night, nor the next day nor night. An' I didn't eat anything all that time except a piece of bread in the cupboard. I made up my mind that I'd just starve to death an' done with it, but that bread kept a-lookin out at me. Well, I thought I would starve myself to death after it was gone, anyway. An' she never came home at all!

Tuesday mornin', bright and early, the deac'ness came, just as she said she would. An' I was so sorry I hadn't starved to death yet! Because the nice clothes was gone an' everything was all gone.

An' if she'd come and found me lyin' all dead an' still on the floor I wouldn't have to tell her anything about it, an' mebby she'd feel sorry for me. I went out by the coal shed an' hoped she wouldn't find me, but she did.

'Why, Nellie,' she says, just as bright an' nice, 'aren't you ready? We haven't any time to lose.'

An' then I burst out cryin'. I don't believe I'd cried before, in all the two days, not one bit. An' out came the whole story.

'You poor child!' says she. An' then she stood an' thought an' thought an' thought. Then all of a sudden she looked so determined. But she looked at her watch, an' shook her head. Then she looked at me again.

'Haven't you a single thing to wear, Nelly—not a thing but those old dirty clothes?' said she. An' I shook my head an' cried some more.

An' then—an' then—you just couldn't imagine what she did. She took hold of my hand firm like that, as if she wa'n't never goin' to let go. An' she asked me if there was one thing in that house I wanted to take with me, 'cause I'd never see the place again in all my life. An' I never have. An' she took me away with her down to the Deac'ness Home an' I stayed there three days, right in the house with her, an' then I came to Mr. Lee's house up here in Greenvale. An' I'm goin' to stay here always an' for ever. He's goin' to be my father an' Mrs. Lee's goin' to be my really truly mother. An' I ain't a bit afraid of the cows—'course they don't bite folks! An' I find eggs every day out of the straw nests where the hens lay them. Once I found 'leven.

An' the eating out here! We eat three times a day just as reg'lar as the sun. An' there's always some more on the table that we can't eat even after we've stuffed ourselves. I hid some bread in my lap the first mornin', for there was such a lot I thought there surely couldn't be anything more that day. But there was. Three times a day as reg'lar as the sun. An' then Mrs. Lee—that's my new mother, you know—every single mornin' she comes to the door where I'm playin' with a big slice of bread and butter on it, or sometimes it's a glass of milk, and says so coaxin' like, 'Aren't you hungry, Nelly?' An' she says that from this time on I'm always an' for ever goin' to have enough to eat. She says I'm gettin' some fat on my poor bones. An' my cheeks are gettin' rosy. That's the way she talks.

Sometimes I think about what Miss Percy said—that we must love everybody. I love Mrs. Lee an' Mr. Lee—they're my father an' my mother, you know. An' I just love our little cows without any horns. An' I love the deac'ness. I don't just love Aunt Angie yet. But I feel awful sorry for her—she used to cry an' cry so, sometimes, an' say she couldn't stop the drink. Sometimes when I think about her, 'specially if the birds is singin' an' the soft wind blowin', a kind of soft feeling toward her comes up in my heart. Mebby—mebby—sometime, 'way off, as much as two years from now.—'Classmate.'

The Short Cut.

'We shouldn't have to leave the house until twenty minutes before nine, mother,' said Hettie, who hated to be hurried.

'I could stop in every morning for Jack Smith on my way by his house, father,' said Sylvester, the sociable.

"N' then we wouldn't have to cwoss the howwid wailwoad twacks, muvver,' lisped timid Polly.

'Indeed, dearies, I wish you wouldn't have to go to school by way of the depot,' sighed mother; and then she turned to father. 'Don't you think they would better ask Mr. Lane about it?'

Father said yes, Sylvester might, and accordingly next morning the little boy asked the old market-gardener whether he would allow him and his little sisters to pass through the little vegetable garden instead of going to school the long and devious way round.

Mr. Lane said they might on one condition: the two gates—one at each end of the garden patch—must never be left unfastened.

'You see, sonny,' said the kind old man, 'if the cows, or some old nag, or even Mrs. Mur-

phy's goat, were to get in among my beets and carrots it would mean a big loss in dollars and cents to me. And with the road so near, and the public pasture just over the way, there's a-plenty creatures with horns and hoofs just pining to get at my growing green things. Would you be mighty careful about shutting the gates, sonny? Both of 'em, mind you? Not just letting 'em slam any old way, but stopping to latch both of 'em as you went through?'

Sylvester nodded energetically. 'Because if you promised—I mean you, sonny, because you're the oldest of the three and of course you ought to be the most sensible—to look out for my gates, I'd not mind your going through my patch (so long's you keep to the path) whenever you've a mind to. But remember, sonny, I hold you responsible.'

So the children walked comfortably to and from school each day on the narrow parsley-bordered path between tall rows of lima beans and feathery tufts of carrots. And twice a day Sylvester, bringing up the rear, carefully closed, latched, and shook—just to make sure—the two gates after himself and his little sisters.

One morning Sylvester got up very much 'with his left foot first,' as our German cousins picturesquely call it, and his clothes all seemed to share his bad humor. His front collar button slipped out of his shirt-waist, rolled 'way under the bureau, and had to be poked out with a stick; his shoe-string broke and had to be replaced, and his favorite blue and white striped necktie refused to be tied in a proper knot.

These many toilet complications made him late for breakfast, just when he particularly wanted to meet Jack Smith early for a long talk on that new baseball team they were trying to get together. But, late as he was, he was still ahead of Hettie who was laboriously 'reading' her first Sunday-school library book and who simply couldn't tear herself away from 'Flaxie Frizzle and her Dog Fido.'

'Come along, Het,' he cried, 'do get a wiggle on. How'm I to shut the gate after you, and get to Jack's in time, I'd like to know!'

Hettie was spelling out a big word and was deaf to her brother's reminder.

'Hurry up, Hettie!' shouted Sylvester, crossly, 'you're slower than cold molasses. Can't she hurry up, mother?'

Mother was very busy clearing the breakfast table and did not hear this frantic appeal.

'Muvver,' piped Polly, 'we don't start soon I'll have to step along so fast my legs'll ache.' Mother stopped with her tray full of cups and saucers, glanced at the clock, and said, decidedly, 'Come, Hettie, put down "Flaxie," take your books and go.'

The three children set out at a brisk pace through the vegetable patch, Sylvester carefully fastening the first gate behind them. And if only he had held his peace and his tongue they would have been on the high road in less than five minutes. But instead of following the girls and whistling gayly as he usually did—oh, that tiresome 'left foot first'—he kept on nagging Hettie and trying to hurry her, until Hettie, with her head full of 'Flaxie Frizzle' and an entirely unprepared spelling-lesson weighing heavily on her conscience, got very cross and contrary, and dawdled more than ever.

At last Sylvester could stand it no longer. 'I'm going on ahead,' cried he, 'and don't you forgat to shut and latch the gate, Hettie Dale, or Mr. Lane'll give it to you!' and he rushed roughly past Hettie, just missed upsetting poor Polly into a bed of summer squash, and dashed through the gate and down the road just in time to catch up with Jack Smith, and in a twinkling was talking baseball as hard as he could.

But somehow he could not get that little front-gate out of his mind, and the flourishing vegetable patch into which it led. He remembered that Hettie was constitutionally heedless, and, being shorter than he, would probably not be able to reach the gate latch if she did think of it. He remembered the unpleasant way gates have sometimes, when not properly fastened, of staying decorously closed until you are quite out of sight, and then yielding to the merest wind-puff and flying wide open to admit anything; and he remembered—very distinctly remembered—that Mrs. Murphy's big black and white and enterprising nanny goat had just met him going up the road with determination, and an appetite for fresh greens, in her wicked yellow eye.

He seemed to hear Mr. Lane saying, 'I hold you responsible, sonny,' and he hesitated no longer. He stopped short in the midst of some highly valuable baseball suggestions from Jack, and started to run back home as fast as he could.

'You go right ahead, Jack,' he called over his shoulder, 'I forgot something.'

He passed hurrying Polly and lingering Hettie, saw Mrs. Murphy's nanny ambling leisurely along 'way ahead of him and flew to get ahead of her. He reached the gate just half a minute before Nan, closed it—of course it was slamming back and forth,—latched and shook it hard, skimmed by the disappointed goat and down the road like a deer, hurried into class, slid into his seat and was ready to repeat with the others—'all together and slowly and distinctly,' admonished Miss Gardner—the selection for the day:—

For the want of a nail the shoe was lost:
For the want of a shoe the horse was lost;
For the want of a horse the rider was lost:
For tae want of a rider the battle was lost;
For the want of a battle the kingdom was lost;
And all for the want of a nail that was lost.'

—'Christian Register.'

Jims Nutting Party.

Joe Bradfield climbed the fence between the woods and the road with great contentment in his heart.

'Saturday is almost here. Nobody is likely to happen on just that particular spot in such a little time; it is out of the way. The others'll open their eyes when I show it to them? We will have a nutting party that is a nutting party!'

He tucked his hands in his pockets and hurried toward home to tell of his 'find' to the family. On the way he met Jim Poole.

'I say,' said Jim, 'let me tell you something. I am going to have a nutting party. Will you come?'

Joe started to pull his hands out of his pockets. Then he shoved them further in.

'When?' he asked.

'Next Wednesday. It's a holiday, you know.'

Joe smiled easily to himself.

'That date is all right,' he reflected.

'It doesn't conflict. He is welcome to it.'

'It's a holiday,' said Jim, 'at the school. Mr. Summerfield is going to give me the whole day off—to myself entirely. So when Mrs. Summerfield heard him she said: "Get up a nutting party, Jim, why don't you, and invite the boys? I will put up a luncheon for you all. It will be a good way to enjoy yourself." He gave me time off and she gave me the spread, just out in the open without my saying a word. Pretty nice of them, wasn't it?'

'Yes, it was,' assented Joe. For some reason it bored him to hear about it.

But Jim did not wait for encouragement. He was bent on talking.

'Mr. Summerfield said,' he continued, lifting his chin proudly and smiling over at Joe with very frank pleasure, 'that I deserved it. "You've done well this summer," said he. "You've been first-rate help all summer. And it's no more than right," he said, "for you to have a little outing. I hope you'll like it." And when Mrs. Summerfield spoke about luncheon Miss Janet chimed right in after her. "I'll bake my best cake for your party," she said. And little Billy offered to lend me his red necktie to wear; he thinks more of that than he does of anything else he has. Ever since, they've all kept mentioning this and that and the other that they'll do, just as if I was—'

Jim broke off abruptly. Joe remembered afterwards how sudden the stop was.

'Will you come to my nutting party?' he asked.

'Thank you, but I can't,' said Joe. 'Father is going to take us all over to grandfather's on Wednesday. It's grandfather's and grandmother's wedding day. Thank you ever so much.'

'That's too bad!' said Jim civilly. 'I'd like to have you come.'

'But he'll not break his heart over my absence,' Joe told himself when they had separated. 'I wouldn't expect it of him. He hardly knows me. For my part, I'm glad not to go. After my own nutting party on Saturday, Wednesday will be almost too soon for another.'

An unpleasant thought occurred to him.

'I wish Jim Poole hadn't invited me! I hardly know the fellow. Now I ought to ask him, I suppose. I won't do it. It—it'—

When Joe tried to say why he would not ask Jim he got into difficulties.

'Well, anyway, I thought of it just as much as he did. And I lit on these particular trees myself. To waste such a streak of luck is more than could be expected of me. There's no use talking about it.'

As he passed the church, Victoria Mason opened the lecture-room door and waved to him to come in.

'Do come help me,' she said hoarsely. 'Start a hymn for us, won't you? This is Mission Band afternoon, and we haven't had any singing at all. I have a wretched cold, and the rest of us are too shy to "raise the tune."'

Joe followed her into the church. If he scowled behind her back Victoria did not see him.

The hymns were soon sung. Hastily repudiating the thanks offered him for his services, Joe departed. But he was not quick enough to escape companionship. He had gone only a very short distance when little Billy Summerfield came scudding after him.

'Did you see Jim?' inquired Billy, falling sociably into place beside him.

Joe nodded.

'Did he tell you—anything?' A very broad smile was upon Billy's small, chubby countenance.

'Yes, he invited me to his nutting party,' said Joe, trying to speak graciously.

'I thought he had,' said Billy. 'He thinks a lot of that nutting party. I hope it will be a nice one. Don't you?'

Joe mumbled something indefinite.

'I hope,' continued Billy, 'it will be fine weather, and that it will all go off splendidly. Jim'd feel dreadfully disappointed if anything spoiled it.'

Billy paused for a moment. Then, much to Joe's surprise, he whisked off suddenly to an entirely different subject.

'I am glad,' said Billy, 'that I'm not one of those heathens. Aren't you?'

'Yes, very,' agreed Joe heartily, relieved to have an answer ready without reflection.

'I think I'd like to be a missionary to them when I grow up,' said Billy. 'If they knew that it was a great deal better to be good than bad, a lot of them would change. They don't understand that meanness and idols are wrong. Or, anyway, Miss Victoria says, when they get tired of meanness they don't know that idols can't cure it. If you are a missionary you can tell them.'

'I guess,' said Joe, 'you must be a member of the Mission Band, Billy.'

'I'm the secretary,' said Billy proudly. 'I write the minutes.'

Whereupon he remembered that he had left his book at the church, and started back to get it.

Joe kept steadily on until he reached the lane that led to his father's house. There he sat down on a log outside the gate.

'See here, Joe Bradfield,' he said, 'you might as well get acquainted with yourself.'

He pulled up five separate blades of grass and chewed each of them from end to end. Their taste, to judge from his expression, was not agreeable.

'Maybe I ought to feel sentimental about Jim Poole, but I don't. He doesn't interest me. His one holiday is his ewe lamb, I suppose. But any sort of a nutting party would seem a big thing to him. I can't get over thinking that it would be terribly generous in me to give up my plans for his sake. I don't know whether I will. At least, I'll have my supper first.'

When Joe got to the end of the lane he found Jim Poole in the barnyard. Jim had driven the waggon over for Mr. Summerfield, who was in the house with Mr. Bradfield. Mrs. Bradfield was standing on the steps while Jim watered the horses at the trough. She watched approvingly the boyish brown hand that stroked one smooth neck and then stretched over and patted the other.

'You three are comrades, I see, Jim,' she said.

'I guess we are,' said Jim. 'I like horses.'

'And you like those horses,' amended Mrs. Bradfield.

(To be continued.)

..HOUSEHOLD..

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